JOHN BULL, JUNE 13, 1925 *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVII. No. 993. SATURDAY, JUNE 13 1925. TWOPENCE.

STERLING
"LILLIPUT"
HEADPHONES
for
STERLING
RESULTS
At all Radio Dealers

IMPORTANT INCREASES *in our* INSURANCE BENEFITS

see pages 2 & 14

CORNS
TENDERNESS
SWELLING

GET RID OF

ACHING
CALLOUSES
BURNING

ALL YOUR FOOT TROUBLES

YOU have only to dissolve a small handful of Reude' Bath Sa'trates in a hot foot-bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then Presto! Away go your foot afflictions, a'most as if by magic.

The *medicated* and *oxygenated* foot-bath prepared as above has a truly marvellous curative action upon all kinds of foot troubles, immediately relieving them, even in their worst forms. Every sensation of burning, chafing and bruising, all swelling, stiffness and inflammation, *any* sort of corn, callous or other foot torture, will soon be only an unpleasant memory of the past.

Reudel Bath Saltrates is sold by all chemists everywhere, prices being only 2/- and 3/3 (double size). Satisfaction is guaranteed every user or money back immediately and without question.

A well-known London Chiropodist writes:—
During the past two years I have demonstrated the use of **Reudel Bath Saltrates** to over two thousand clients and recommended its use. I am very pleased to announce to you the high praise I am daily receiving of its beneficial results It is comforting to use. Safe and Sure.—(Signed) ROBERT WORTLEY. *Consulting Chiropodist*, 174, New Bond St., W.1.

THE ORIGINAL—THE YELLOW PACKET

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

TESTED JB

RHEUMATISM
CURED QUICKLY AND EFFECTIVELY

Upper Tooting Rd., S.W. 17.
Sept. 29th, 1924.

"Sirs,—I must let you know the good Urace has done me. I suffered from Rheumatism in the knees and as I work in a Foundry amongst wet sand I have had a bad time. I have only taken one 3/- box and am pleased to tell you I have had, after two years' suffering, a good sleep every night. I feel years younger and my shopmates ask me why I get about so much now, as I was always afraid to move quickly on account of the pain. I am deeply grateful for the ease. I have tried dozens of so-called cures.

"Respectfully yours,
"W. GARROTT."

The cause of Rheumatism lies in the blood, and you cannot coax it out through the skin with plasters or belts. You cannot tease it out with oils or embrocations, or burn it out with impregnated wadding, or wash it out with medicated waters—YOU MUST DISSOLVE AND DRIVE THE URIC ACID—which causes rheumatism—OUT OF THE BLOOD.

URACE CURES AND CURES QUICKLY.

URACE does dissolve and drive Uric Acid from the system. It purifies the blood of all impurities and makes a cure certain. NO other remedy can do this. That is why URACE has succeeded when scores of so-called cure-alls, spas, appliances, belts, and treatments have failed. That is why URACE is freely prescribed and supported by the medical profession.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Box.

From Boots (600 Branches), Timothy White Co., Taylor's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Harrod's and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories, Dept. 75, 82, St. Thomas's Street, London, S.E. 1.

URACE
TABLETS
CURE RHEUMATISM,

NEURALGIA, CRAMP, NERVE PAINS, LUMBAGO, INFLUENZA, KIDNEY TROUBLE, GOUT, BACKACHE, SCIATICA, &c., &c.

AMAZING OFFER!
ONLY 1/6 TO-DAY.

Irish Orders Full Cash.

COSTUMES, 37/6 to £5. PRICE LIST POST FREE.

To enable you to be well dressed in up-to-date, attractive style, Masters Ltd make this amazing offer to supply this handsome Tweed Costume (as illustrated) on easy terms for only 1/6 deposit to accepted orders. This Costume, "The Carlton," is our latest creation, the pick of this season's fashions. A superior Costume of extreme beauty, of good wearing quality Tweed cloth, in the latest Lovat shades of Brown, Blue, and Fawn mixtures. Fully lined coat, patch pockets, and breast pockets, buckle belt, and everything the latest fashion. Skirt the new wrap-over style, giving complete freedom when walking. Stocked in all sizes, S.S.W., S.W. and W. Send 1/6 for this 37/6 Costume today. It is as good a Costume as any lady could wish to wear. The charm of being well dressed is now within your means. Send 1/6 to-day (P.O. or stamps), say colour preferred, and ask for the "Carlton" Costume. Promise to pay 3/- in ten days and 4/6 monthly and you have the Costume to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Satisfaction or deposit returned.

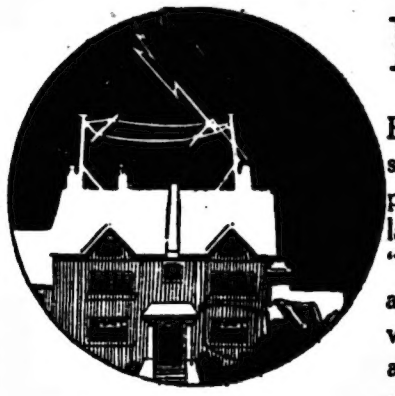
MASTERS Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE.

JOHN BULL

Additional and Extended Insurance Benefits

Your Wireless Set now covered FREE!

Extension of Benefits to Those on Holiday, including a £50 Concession



EVER on the alert to make the "JOHN BULL" Free Insurance Gift more practical and popular than ever, "JOHN BULL" announces this week two remarkable innovations.

The first will prove most practical and popular, being an additional Benefit which will make an instant appeal to the thousands of "JOHN BULL" Readers who own Wireless Sets. "JOHN BULL" will now pay up to £10 should your Wireless Set or Aerial be damaged by Lightning.

Wireless is playing such an important part in the lives of hundreds of thousands of our Readers that this new Benefit will be of the greatest practical value.

The second innovation is of vital interest to all Registered Readers who will be spending their holidays away from home. It provides an extension of the benefits under our Great Free Insurance Gift to Registered Readers whilst away on holiday, both as to accidents and material damage, the latter to the extent of £50 applying to the personal belongings of the Registered Reader at Hotels, Boarding-Houses or Apartments.

The number of Benefits paid by "JOHN BULL" has now reached the huge total of over 16,000. Those who have not yet done so are again reminded to sign the forms below.

NEW WIRELESS BENEFIT.
Pin this to your Registration Certificate.

"John Bull" will pay up to £10 for damage by lightning to Registered Reader's Wireless Apparatus, including Aerials and Supports, licensed to and owned by him, at his or her private address, as registered.

HOLIDAY EXTENSION BENEFITS.

"JOHN BULL'S" Free Insurance Benefits are extended to Registered Readers during their stay at Hotels, Boarding-Houses or Apartments (for a period not exceeding one month) both as to accident benefits and material damage, the latter being limited to £50 to cover personal belongings.

Readers need not re-register, but they will be required to show that they purchased "JOHN BULL" whilst away.

(See Special Announcement on page 14.)

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name..... Age....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 13/6/25.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 13/6/25.

Cash the Coupons—John Bull's Wonderful Offer

See What You Get!

(1) The 5/- "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Pen, fitted with safety cap and 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped—beautifully chased—admittedly worth 10/6.
(2) A 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil of classic design, complete with refills, presented FREE!

PRICE - - - - - - 5/-
WITH SIX COUPONS 4/-

Send us your name and address and attach the coupons to your letter.

Our "Cash the Coupons" offer is a tremendous success! The chance of a lifetime to own the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen, pocket a shilling, and receive a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE! Remember ONLY A LIMITED SERIES OF COUPONS WILL BE ISSUED.

(A7) JOHN BULL
PEN COUPON—VALUE 2d.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filling Pen, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), any dates, may be cut from "John Bull," and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 2d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required. AVAILABLE UNTIL JULY 1, 1925.
JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Upon the river's bank serene,
A fisher sat where all was green,
And looked it.

He saw when light was growing dim
The fish, or else the fish saw him,
And hooked it.

He took with high erected comb
The fish, or else the story, home,
And cooked it.

Recording angels by his bed,
Weighed all that he had done or said—
And booked it

ANON.

Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes.

'It's the Tobacco that counts'

P.1200

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Section for Bargain Hunters.

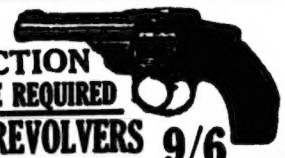
PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 10/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments, until you have paid in all **59/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for patterns and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
36 LANGHAM ST. LONDON, W.1.

SELF PROTECTION
NO LICENCE REQUIRED



SAFETY REVOLVERS 9/6

ACCIDENTS IMPOSSIBLE

Exact replica of real revolver converted to Fire Blank Cartridges only. Will scare away burglars, tramps, dogs, etc., and is useful for Theatricals, Sports Meetings, etc. Easily carried in pocket or lady's handbag.

8 CHAMBER, Blued Steel or Nickel .. 12/-
6 CHAMBER, Nickel 10/6
6 CHAMBER, Blued Steel 9/6
(Carriage free.)

Double Report Cartridges, per 100 2/9 Carr. pd.
Illustrated Catalogue post free.

JAMES MANSFIELD & Co., Ltd.,
71, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

FREEMANS
Celebrated
SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

THE BOLTON

From 1/3 per week or 5/- per month

Direct from Factory.

2/6 DEPOSIT
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

Carr. Paid on approval from **£2:17:6**

Cash or Credit.
Write for fully Illustrated Catalogue showing all latest models.

S. BOLTON, 544, Kingsland Rd., E.8.
DEPT. No. 10

FREE 7/6 NOVELS

A Treasury of Poetry
(*Poems of the Great War 1914-1919.*)

The Pride of Palomar	*Peter Kyne.*
As I Hear Tell	*G. T. Whitham.*
Square Mile	*Horace Newte.*
The Tenth Woman	*Harriet Comstock.*
Temperament	*Dolf Wyllarde.*

These are only a few of a great number of titles to choose from.

Send p.c. to-day for Gift Book offer No. 20 and particulars of Postal Library service to the **Librarian, Ashington House, Fulham, London, S.W.6.** Small entry fee allows NINE books at a time. Exchanges when required at a trifling cost, delivered to your door. Full length editions cloth bound pocket size. The best Love, Adventure, Detective, Mystery Stories, Literature and Classics.

MEN'S SHIRTS

We are offering splendid quality **MEN'S TUNIC SHIRTS** with stiff neckbands and double cuffs for best wear. Latest fashionable stripes on white ground. All sizes in Men's and Youths'.

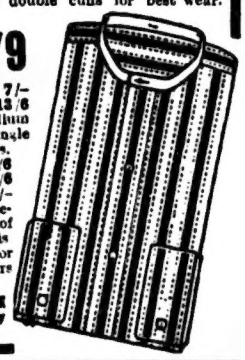
3/9

Each, post paid, 2/6
2 shirts, post paid .. 7/-
4 " " " .. 13/6

Also similar shirt, medium weight, soft neckband, single cuffs. Sizes 14 to 16½ ins.

Each, post paid, 3/6
2 shirts, post paid .. 6/6
4 " " " 12/-

When ordering, enclose remittance stating size of collar or neckband. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Orders promptly executed.



E. DRUIAN, VANDAM & CO., LTD., 34, Artillery Lane, London, E.C. 2.

FOR 20/- we will deliver this Beautiful
BEDSTEAD & BEDDING

4' 6" x 6' 6" Oak Bedstead, polished antique colour or light fumed. With wire spring mattress, overlay, bolster and two feather pillows.

£8-15-0

Delivered for first payment of 20/-. Balance 10/- monthly.

Write for Catalogue.

MIDLAND FURNISHING Co., Ltd.,
10-18, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

THIS LOVELY 'MERMAC'

Call at our Stand. Wembley Exh., Textile Section.

Flyweight WATERPROOF For **10/-** Down

and 2/6 a week for 5 weeks.

Colours: Navy, Light and Dark Fawn, Grey and Tan. Sizes: 34 to 44 ins. length. Garment sent immediately upon receipt of 10/- which will be returned at once if you are not satisfied.

A beautiful belted lightweight guaranteed rubber-proofed "Mermac" (the latest and best in Gents' Waterproofs).

Also in Ladies sizes, 44 to 52 ins. length.

Write, stating size, to:—

H 850

56, Coleman St., London, E.C.2. Ltd

Square Deals.

Never hesitate to send for anything you see advertised in JOHN BULL. JOHN BULL as your salesman first satisfies himself that the goods he talks about are sold by trusty traders.

"Say you saw it in JOHN BULL."

YOURS for 5/- DOWN

To secure this "Standard" Model Tennis Racket send 5/- down and your promise to pay 2/6 weekly for 12 weeks. It is beautifully balanced, strongly strung with fine black and white English gut, exactly as used by many leading players. You cannot get a better racket than the "Standard."

Money returned in full if you are not satisfied. State weight required.

Cash price 30/- only, carr. p'

FISHER & CO., Triumph House, 189, Regent St., W.1

YEAST IS LIFE!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets.

A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve

Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.

Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.

Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.

Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.

Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours

HEADACHE, NEURALGIA ETC IN 5 MINUTES.

The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 box from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty box and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received thousands of letters from satisfied users in 15 months which are open to inspection

17013—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."

18224—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

25333—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured: Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.

25334—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.

25338—For 18 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work and never felt better.

22741—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.

21987—Thanks for your confidential medical advice. The boils have now entirely disappeared.

22103—F—— Tuberculosis Dispensary: Kindly send a further supply. I have tried Yeast-Vite amongst certain of my patients, and in several cases they proved quite beneficial. I have great faith in their possibilities.

20041—I do not know what I would do without the tablets, and I live in fear of running short of them as my complaint, diabetes, asserts itself as soon as I stop taking them.

21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes: I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.

20574—I heartily endorse all your claims. Yeast-Vite tablets are marvellous! I can now eat cheese, pickles, pastry or anything I fancy, and am enjoying relief from dietetic slavery.

22373—Nurse A. L.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me made Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly, wonderful. I recommend them to everybody!

21111—Whilst at the nursing home I had to take what Dr. B. prescribed. I suffered terribly with my head, and I felt miserable without my Yeast-Vites, but I induced a friend to get me a box, and next morning I was much brighter and myself again. The sisters noticed it, and the matron remarked, "What a change, Mrs. E.; you are looking wonderfully well, to-day. Good old Dr. B." But I said to myself, "Good old Yeast-Vite!"

20643—I have suffered from indigestion for eight years. The pain at times almost killed me, and I could not eat, sleep, or do anything. After taking only four tablets the pains disappeared, and I have had no discomfort since.

Caution.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

Send postcard for free treatise on Diabetes, Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES.
"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1,

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A1 OFFER.—HOW TO START IN BUSINESS with £2.—Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Boots and Clothing. Best house for Beginners. Send for free catalogue.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, E.1.

£2 LOT sells for £3. Make money selling Remnants, Prints, Hosiery, Travellers' Samples, etc. No risk. Money back if dissatisfied. Send P.C. for Free Guide. Worth pounds.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Est. 1899.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 96, High Street, Manchester.

WONDERFUL Value for small traders in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. Illustrated Catalogue Free. — S. Mosco (Dept. J.B.), 8, Lever St., Piccadilly, Manchester.

GILLETTE BLADES, 2/10 pkt. of 10. "Nieso" Blades, 8/6 gross. List free. Razors, Fancy Goods, Job Lines, etc.—Steen Bros., 17, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.

AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S" Spare-Time Agency.—See Large Advt. on page 4.

SPARE-TIME Employment.—Reliable persons in regular employment are required to accept an agency to sell reliable goods, drapery, clothing, boots, etc., cash or easy payments. Liberal commission and splendid selection. 30/- to £5 can be earned weekly. No outlay; no expense.—Dept. 19, J. Turner, 16, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A BETTER AND HIGHER PAID POSITION FOR YOU IN SIX MONTHS! Become a trained salesman with the help of the OLDEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL COLLEGE IN ENGLAND specialising in the training of salesmen. You can train in your spare time, and wherever you live. A handsomely illustrated and intensely interesting Free Book, "THE PROFESSION OF SALESMANSHIP," will be sent post free. It describes the finest course in Salesmanship ever prepared, and the most complete organisation in Britain for securing first-class appointments for students. Send for the free book NOW, it only means a stamp, and may alter the whole of your life.—THE WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, 28T, BEDFORD ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

WORKERS (intelligent), all districts, to commence new well-paid profession. Full information 1½d. stamp. England-Richards Co., 10G, King's Lynn.

KNITTERS wanted to work Imperial Knitting Machine at home. Good wages guar. Exp. unnec. Easy terms arrngd. Stamp for Pros., Dept. 82, Imperial Hosiery Co., 97, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE? Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 3/8. Many others. Prospectus free.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners. Write for advice and list H.—Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 5/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Creteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

BILLHEADS.—Superior quality and style. Ruled from 5/9 per 1,000. Samples free.—Coates & Son, Printers, Alnwick, Northumberld.

BARGAIN SALES.

FREE CATALOGUE of Wonderful Bargains. Save Middleman's profit. Cycles, Tyres, Accessories, Household Labour Savers, Tools for Home and Garden. Send P.C. for fully Illus. list.—TOWNSHENDS, LTD., Dept. 67, Birmingham.

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood. BEDDING, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated Lists post free. Cash or Instalments. Why pay retail prices? Established 35 years.—CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

WALLPAPERS direct. Eclipse 1925 designs. Get free book. 130 patterns from 3d. per roll. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

PERM-WAVE COMB, 2/-. British, Non-inflammable. Ladies' or Gent's. Used like ord. comb. B. F. Lawrence, 3, Gillingham St., S.W.1.

PEACH'S 1925 FREE BOOK.—500 Illustrations. Curtains, Casements, Nets, Muslins, Cretonnes, Linens, Underwear, Laces.—Write, Peach and Sons, 141, The Looms, Nottingham.

CHINA for Households, Churches, Schools, Institutions, Caterers, at factory prices; 21 years' reputation; catalogue free.—Century Pottery, Ltd., Dept. 120, Burslem, Staffs. Est. 1903.

BABY-CARS direct from works on approbation. Carriage paid. Cash or easy terms. 50 lovely designs; cushion tyres. Art catalogue free.—Godiva Carriage Co. (Dept. 26), Coventry.

LEATHER.—Our Noted Tannage at 1/5½d., 1/7½d., 1/9, 2/- and 2/3 lb.; send for free cutting.—THE YARD LEATHER CO., Merthyr.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CYCLISTS! AMAZING BARGAINS positively without equal anywhere. Send for Monster 200-page Bargains Book. ABSOLUTELY FREE. Cycles POUNDS below shop prices, from 75/-, or on Amazingly Easy Payments. Tyres from 2/3, Horns 1/-, Saddles 2/6, Puncture Cure 3d., Silver-Plating Mixture 1/2, Cholos 1/11. Thousands more staggering offers. Why pay retailers fancy prices? Get this wonderful money-saving Guide instantly. It's FREE for postcard.—Write: Moorhouse, Ltd. (Dept. 89), Pudsham, Burnley.

FREE.—Haircutter and Razor comb'd to all sending 3/3 for pr. Opera or Field Glasses (p'ful lens), P.F.—James, 37, Charles St., E.C.1

TOBACCO POUCHES GIVEN AWAY to every purchaser of a Mellows briar, the perfect pipe, 2/6 each, post free. Send to-day and get your free gift by return.—Mellows (Dept. J.), 4, High Street, Hornsey, N.8.

HOUSE PURCHASE.

ABOLISH RENT. Purchase your house through Co-op. Society, easy payments. Particulars free.—Society B., 4, London Wall Buildings, E.C.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS SETS by easy payments, loud-speakers, 'phones, components. Free Lists from makers, Townshends, Ltd., Dept. 70, Birmingham.

WIRELESS.—Latest Improved Headphones, 11/6 pair, 2/- monthly. Catalogue free.—Wireless Distributing Co., Ltd., Wireless House, Stoke Newington Road, N.16.

DRESS.

SERGES, good quality, for suitings and Costumes. Best Indigo. All British.—J. B. Oates, 2, Queen Street, Leeds.

"The lather must be right"

says the Master Barber

"It must stay up right to the end of the shave. This Vinolia lather, for instance, was produced in a few seconds; it will not dry on your face, however slowly you shave. It will soften every hair and refresh and invigorate your skin better than any other."

In aluminium cases 1/3
Refills in cartons 1/-

Vinolia

REGD. JB

SHAVING SOAP

SOOTHES THE SKIN & MAKES THE RAZOR GLIDE

VINOLIA CO. LTD., LONDON

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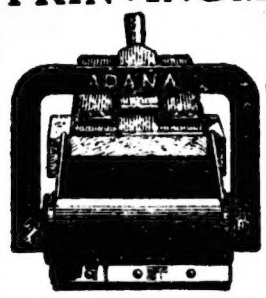

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Vol. XXXVII. No. 993.
Week ending Saturday,
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(a further Instalment of our enthralling New Series, "Sensational Secrets of Society") p. 12

The WORLD, *the* FLESH & *the* DEVIL

Lead On, Baldwin !

The Premier appeals to employers to add 10 per cent. to their own efficiency. The greatest board of directors in the country is the Cabinet. Get on with it, please !

Inward Bruises.

The Government begins to feel the strain as departments put forward their plans. Ministers are men, and very conscious of each other's shortcomings.

Those Electors.

The by-elections remind Ministers of the mill they will increasingly have to go through. It is bad enough to face the electors with your own pet scheme, but worse to have to stick up for the other fellows' !

Yellow and Black.

Where Communists—British or Russian—can easily make trouble is among Asiatics and African natives. Witness the Shanghai riots. Also watch Egypt, where there has been underhand work in which an Englishman took part.

Paris Sees.

The French Foreign Office thought that, through Mr. Austen Chamberlain, it was going to rule the British Cabinet. Now it has been shown decisively that the British Cabinet rules Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Paris tune has changed.

Greek Epigram for Mr. Churchill.

When tackled about the air-raid victims' swindle, the Chancellor of the Exchequer might thus quote the famous motto for the Spartans' tomb :

> Go tell the Treasury, thou that passest by,
> That here, obedient to their laws, I lie.

Peeved Politicians.

Mr. Lloyd George is estranging his own party by his black views on the industrial outlook. Liberalism should give its young men a turn. In all parties the view-point of youth, with its enterprise and enthusiasm, is needed

Watch Italy.

When revolution breaks out in Italy, remember John Bull told you it was brewing. Mussolini is sitting on an active volcano.

Telling the Truth.

Mr. Cook informs the miners that nationalisation will not solve everything. The only thing that ever solved problems in any country was a policy framed by wise heads carried out by co-operation.

Alter the Tune.

Once again Socialists raise the cry, "The more babies the more cannon fodder." Why connect the two ? What's wanted is a loud cry, a long cry, and a cry all together for Fewer Cannon.

It's Quite Funny.

The Speaker has been accused of giving Labour too much latitude in the present Parliament. Labour's quiescence in the present state of unemployment is a daily wonder dish.

It's Dogged as Does it.

Only Mr. Clynes, in his refusal to drop the unemployment problem, is a thorn in the side of the Government. He remembers, as we do, their election promises. Other business should be blocked until the thing is tackled.

Daily Wails.

Solemn statements that evils of overcrowding, unemployment, and bad trade are "too deep-seated for the cure to be the affair of the moment," are at sad variance with the cock-a-hoop promises made for vote-catching. No one is hoodwinked and a row is brewing.

Fiddling with Food.

The Food Council is to be a body appointed by the Prime Minister and without legal powers. Its job is to show the need of powers.

Puffing the Windbags.

The Home Secretary and the police played up amazingly to the Communists at Glasgow. Massed detectives and Fascisti made these "revolutionaries" feel like the real thing, whereas the cold truth is that the whole lot of them aren't worth a moment's consideration.

"Redress and Peace."

Thousands of readers have already signed the declaration form expressing their support for General Crozier's scheme for Pension Redress and Patriotic Peace as a preliminary to bringing pressure to bear on the Government. Those who are in favour of this should write to this office, marking the envelope "Peace."

JOHN BULL

IMPORTANT INCREASE IN OUR INSURANCE BENEFITS

See Pages 2 and 14.

Light for Kiddies.

Artificial sunlight treatment is doing wonders with crippled children. But it's a reflection on statesmanship. Given houses with access to sun and air, there'd be no rickets. It's a disease unknown in Canada, for example.

Tropical Terrors.

Sleepy sickness attacked fifty thousand persons in this country last year. The Bland-Sutton Institute is concentrating on discovery of cause and cure. Fresher food, and a closer inspection of British ports, might promote prevention.

Overdue Justice

Lord Haig states that of £360,000 loaned without interest to ex-officers, £130,000 has already been repaid. 80,000 ex-officers have been put into positions to earn their own living. But 6,000 still remain on the register unsettled. It's up to the country to see justice done.

Don't be Shortsighted.

Bitter opponents of increased scales of Poor Law Relief are apt to take lopsided views. Money, which during the war was poured out like water for things instantly destroyed, is now devoted to life which lasts. And the saving on salvage later is the taxpayer's.

Where are They ?

Summer sunshine sees ex-Service men still tramping for jobs. Women who turned themselves into recruiting sergeants for war must share the responsibility for its victims. Half the energy some displayed in the distribution of white feathers would set matters right.

Poisoned Food.

Herbert Dolling, an Ebbw Vale miner, died in the local hospital from ptomaine poisoning after eating tinned salmon. Meanwhile the Report of the Committee of Enquiry on impure food has been neatly pigeon-holed for future reference Life is cheap.

Opium for Babies.

The wife of the present Governor of Bombay states that 98 per cent. of the mothers employed in Bombay cotton factories give their babies a dope of opium before going to work. The infant death-rate in Bombay has been as high as two in three. The Indian Government's revenue from opium is blood money.

Woolly Brains in Woolworth's.

Herbert Broomfield, a labourer, aged sixty-five, was charged at North London Police Court with stealing a pair of rubber heels, valued 6d., from Woolworth's. When searched he had on him gold, silver and notes to the value of £99. To fine him £1 was silly. The man's mental condition is doubtful, and friends should have been sent for to take care of him.

Problems of Life.

Moral Torture

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THAT charming writer, Arthur Machen, tells in his book, "The London Adventure," of a bitter period in his life when, for the sake of his wife and children, he had to submit daily to undeserved insult and humiliation at the hands of men who happened—through no fault of his or merit of theirs—to be able to withdraw from him the opportunity of earning a livelihood.

Here are two sentences from his reminiscences, written with a scorching pen :—

"I was not free to throw the money of these people into their collective faces, and then go forth to thieve or forge or rob blind men's dogs, or—in point of fact—to get a small living in a comparatively decent manner. I was to live on and keep those who depended on me by a prostitution of the soul, compared with which the prostitution of the body is a little thing."

MANY people who read these words will feel them to be searingly descriptive of their own experience.

There are few things in life more grievous than to be at the mercy of a petty tyrant who loves to make his victims feel their helplessness.

To be compelled to suffer in silence the gibes and sneers of some jack-in-office, or to submit to habitual injustice rather than be flung out of a precarious job, is inexpressibly mortifying to self-respect.

Organised labour protects its adherents, and selfish drifters are quite content to live in idleness at the public expense ; but there are people who come within neither category and to whom existence is a nightmare.

THE dread of losing a situation, the constant feeling of insecurity, the grisly prospect of exposing loved ones to want or worse, make many men and more women bear with things they hate and loathe—but at what a cost !

They live joylessly, their portion being the bread of sorrow and the waters of affliction, because they are not in a position to snap their fingers at the slave-drivers who have the ordering of their lot.

No reform of our time is more needed than the placing of the ordinary decent-living adult in comparative independence.

Statesmanship is moving slowly towards it.

Penury should never be the penalty of refusing to be abject before another's arbitrary will. When the social conscience sees this the evil will cease.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Blame in the Wrong Quarter.

Because there was nowhere else they could go to in Kirkham, five families have had to herd in a house which has only four bedrooms. Rebecca Wilkinson, having refused to turn three of the families into the streets, has been summoned. It is the authorities who ought to be prosecuted for not providing homes for the homeless.

Peril on the Line.

At the inquest on Thomas Knight, a Chester platelayer, it was stated that not only this man but his father and grandfather before him had been killed on the railway line. This is one of the "sheltered industries" we hear so much about when it is a question of whittling down wages. Such terrible facts have an eloquence all their own.

The Good Parson.

Clergy who complain of the indifference of the people to the Church are answered by the fact that 40,000 persons attended the funeral of the Rev. J. S. L. Burn, vicar for forty years of All Saints', Middlesbrough. He devoted his life to lightening the lot of the poor. There is no lack of opportunity for parsons with the desire to follow his lead !

No Mansions in Skye.

The official mind of the Ministry of Health is unable to realise that it is folly to condemn homes unless it can provide houses for the people dispossessed to go to. All the crofters' homes at Talisker, in the Isle of Skye, have been condemned, but the Ministry is dumb when asked where the people are to go. Perhaps the Ministry believes there are mansions in the sky ?

Policeman's Brave Act.

Whilst gathering flowers on the banks of the River Don, two happy little children fell into its deep waters. A scream rang out, and at once Constable George Horner, although unable to swim, leaped over a fence into the river and, after a struggle with a strong current, got both children ashore. That one of them died later from pneumonia does not detract in any way from Horner's courage.

The Right Lines.

Every step towards cheaper travelling on the railways is worthy of praise, and we welcome the news that the first results of half-day excursions like that of the G.W.R. to Weston-super-Mare from London, 273 miles, for 7s. 6d., are promising. It is only thus that the railways can stand up to the road competition.

A Silly Summons.

No wonder there is much undetected crime in the country when the police waste their time harassing medical men instead of attending to things that matter. Such was the case at Grimsby, where they summoned Dr. Frank H. Rotherham for temporarily leaving in the street a motor-car he needed to travel to a suffering sick patient. Surely the Grimsby police can find more serious work to do.

Not Out 102.

Mrs. Mary Sinnett, of Roch, Pembrokeshire, was sent to work in a local colliery at the age of ten. There she earned the munificent sum of 4d. per eight-hour day. She married, and to-day has descendants down to the fifth generation. For Mary has reached the long age of one hundred and two years. With her children's children around her, she is a living example of cheerfulness, pluck, and endurance. There is sturdiness still in the British race.

God Gave the Land——

Whitsuntide sees great gatherings of delegates to every sort of annual conference, and not the least interesting is that held by the National Union of Allotment Holders. Meeting at Westminster, the president, Mr. Bainbridge, deplored the niggardly way the Act of 1922 gave these men a place in the sun. During the war allotment-holders in this country increased by about one million. Most of them still exist. Increase of work on allotments is one way of bringing down food prices, and these men must have justice.

Your Sunday Best
"The People."

Good Tactics.

P.C. Dillard, of Stony Stratford, is no dullard. When he found two men attempting to break into premises in that town he arrested one and handcuffed him to the railings while he went off in search of the other. He captured him, too, and with the help of a second officer brought both to justice. Such smartness will doubtless bring promotion ere long. It is well deserved.

Peggy's Pleasantries.

Every dog is allowed its first bite, but the same is not exactly true of human girls. When Peggy Clarke was asked by a detective to leave a Brighton dance-hall, where she was behaving in a disorderly manner, she turned round and bit the officer's hand in several places. She has been fined five guineas for the sport. It is as well that Peggy has "independent means"—for young men will fight shy of securing such a lady for a wife.

How Rude !

Dr. Colvin, of Glasgow, has told Catholic Young Men's Societies that the youth and girl of to-day are too selfish to be polite. No doubt we are not so outwardly courteous as the dandies of two centuries ago, but Dr. Colvin need not worry. It is now possible for hundreds of thousands of women to travel alone, and to work where they like, without fear of insult from dirty-minded cads, whereas in more ornate-mannered days an unaccompanied woman was the prey of the lascivious. In fact, we are more decent.

Young Builders of Empire.

With ambition in their hearts and words of hope on their tongues, forty-nine public school boys, drawn from England, Scotland and Northern Ireland, have sailed from Liverpool bound for New Zealand. They were specially selected for emigration by a head masters' conference under the New Zealand Government scheme. The big of the bunch for over-seas. Now something must be done for the lads left at home. We can only neglect them at the expense of the country's decay. Let our Government see to it.

His Broken Heart.

George J. C. Ross, an elderly man who tried to make a living and failed, was found dead of starvation in his house at Wroxall. He left directions that a cheap funeral should be provided from the sale of furniture and the balance paid to his landlord. On the testimony of neighbours, he was a straight man and a gentleman, but too proud to ask for help. The miniatures of his father and mother, kept under his pillow, supply a reason. He had a name to keep up. Just the sort State relief designs to help, but is baulked by the discredit cast upon it by others.

Our Wonder Age.

Mrs. Marsh, an old lady of eighty-eight, living at Felixstowe, became distressed at the thought that she might never again see or hear her son, the Rev. W. L. Marsh, engaged in far-away Johannesburg. Her daughter had a bright idea. She made arrangements that her brother should broadcast at a certain hour, and the frail old mother, listening in, caught the well-loved voice. What a moment ! And what an augury that when all our new inventions can alike be turned to good instead of evil this will be a splendid world to work and live in.

A Bad System.

The utmost sympathy will be felt with the parents of Joseph Drage, a schoolboy, who died in Billericay Isolation Hospital through an overdose of strychnine given to him by a young temporary nurse. One must also extend a measure of sympathy to the nurse, who is described as a most capable and thoughtful girl, but who on this occasion made an unfortunate error in the quantity, with such deplorable results. The system is all wrong by which such responsibility is placed upon unqualified nurses, and we invite the governors of the institution to put this matter at once in order.

A Cowardly Soldier.

Whilst serving in the Army in India a Huddersfield man, Fred Miller, married an Eurasian girl. But when he came back to England he left her behind. Loving him, and believing that his expressions of affection were true, she came here and found to her dismay that he had taken up with another woman. What curs some men are!

One Man's Meat——

The town of Wombwell is suffering a high incidence of the dreaded disease tuberculosis, possibly because some of the meat sold to its inhabitants may have been of the quality of the infected stuff Harry Cooper, the Sheffield butcher, insisted on selling at his stall on the market-place. The fine of £10 and costs was ridiculously inadequate. In other days he might have been condemned to eat the meat himself.

Brothers in Brutality.

Charles Frederick Sellers, a young Hull man, thrashed his eleven-year-old nephew with a wire-bound whipstock while his brother, the child's father, held him so as to injure his wrist bone. For this method of teaching honesty—the child had been accused of stealing a pound—the two men were sentenced to three and two months' imprisonment respectively. It is difficult to restrain our feelings at this ridiculous leniency.

Defences that Broke Down.

The quality of mercy is not strained, nor did Mr. Justice Horridge allow his judgment to be warped by the defence put up by Frederick Morris Bridges, sentenced at Oxford to six months' hard labour for bigamously marrying Dorothy Elizabeth Winter while his wife was alive. He treated his first marriage as "one of necessity when he need not have done so," and married Miss Winter out of "chivalry" when she became the mother of his child. The country could well spare such chivalry. The man is a cur.

Old Father Antic, The Law.

George W. Sherris, of 71, Marton Road, Middlesbrough, stole a black hen, tried to sell it in a public-house, failed, and took it back to its owner, thereby getting, if not earning, gratitude. Later on, getting tight, he repeated the process, this time actually selling the hen. The South Bank Bench fined him £4 10s., including costs. The same South Bank Bench had before it Maurice Lawler, of Albion Street, on a charge of indecently assaulting a nine-year-old girl. This was apparently regarded as less serious than stealing a black hen, for Lawler was only fined £3.

Our Protest Effective.

On May 30, in a Candid Communication to Mr. Justice Greer, we drew attention to the case of Mrs. Gertrude Maude Bloomfield, who, whilst suffering from lack of food, and deserted by her husband, attempted to end her own life and the lives of her little ones by gas-poisoning. We profoundly disagreed with his lordship that five months' imprisonment "would enable her to think matters over." The matter has now gone further. Taken up by Mr. Lansbury, M.P., and Mr. R. Morrison, M.P., the Home Secretary and the judge have been in consultation, and the sentence is remitted to one month. Our readers will join with us in wishing the poor mother and her little ones a brighter and more promising future.

Chink No Cure for Kink.

When Thomas Henry Park Gillyon, a lad of seventeen, was sentenced at Hull to six months' hard labour for cycle theft, the probation officer, Mr. Rankin, declared him to have the lowest moral sense of any lad he had met. Gillyon was the first offender dealt with by the stipendiary, Mr. J. R. Macdonald, under the Probation Act, leniency which he treated with utmost contempt. His father declares there is a "kink" in him. There is a "kink" in the case, and that is the cupidity of persons who purchase cycles from such lads for a few shillings each. As to a "low moral sense," a more enlightened age will demand scientific treatment of such deficients. Jail merely turns them into habitual criminals.

A Bilking Optician.

Posing as an education authority optician, George Crichton White, of Perth, has been persuading poor folk to pay for spectacles he never supplied to their children. Unless White conducts his business on more honest lines in future, he may find the trouble he has been bidding for.

The Pharmaceutical Aspect.

At the inquest on a pair of lovers who poisoned themselves at Sutton Park, Birmingham, the coroner endeavoured to probe the "psychological" aspects of the tragedy. A more practical subject for enquiry is the fatal ease with which deadly drugs can be so easily obtained.

Eye-trouble or Eye-wash?

A gentleman named Graham Browne is evidently in need of a little salutary publicity. He is a touring eyesight specialist, and modestly describes himself as "London's Leading Sight-Testing Expert and Optician." He goes from town to town for short visits, and people with eye-trouble flock to him for treatment. We would like to know what qualifications Mr. Browne holds, and on what ground he bases the assertion that he is "London's Leading Sight-Testing Expert and Optician." Meantime we advise our readers to think twice before going to him.

Warning for Lonely Women.

"England has two million more women than men. Will you correspond with a lonely maiden? Proposition, ten cents." This alluring advertisement is being inserted in the American Police Gazette by a Mr. Glare of 16, Cambridge Street, London, S.W.1. We have no difficulty in identifying him with the Mr. Clare, of the same address who sends similar advertisements to colonial newspapers. Young women of this country should ignore Mr. Glare or any of his correspondents.

No X-Ray of Hope.

Unable to bear idleness, although paid his full wage while awaiting a vacant hospital bed to undergo an operation, James Patient, a middle-aged painter of Barking, ended his life by throwing himself in front of an electric train. Both his brother and the coroner at the inquest gloried in the man's proud spirit. But why should the mistake made by Patient's medical advisers be thus skimmed lightly over? While one hospital diagnosed Patient's illness as something requiring immediate operation, Dr. Thomas Dodd, of St. Bartholomew's, after a post-mortem, declared no such condition to have been present. To sacrifice a man's life for a shadow is serious.

Problems of the Summer.

London house coal prices are to be reduced by 2s. a ton for the summer. That is good news for London. The Swansea Coal Merchants' Federation has decided that there is to be no corresponding reduction for summer coal in the Swansea area. Logic is logic; but is there any logician who can explain why coal should be cheaper in London than in Swansea, seeing that Swansea is 150 miles nearer to the Welsh coalfields than is London?

A "Wanted" Ad.

An ex-Service reader of JOHN BULL some months ago sent £1 19s. 6d. for a bath-chair to a firm called Gordon and Fothergill, 19, Murray Street, Mansfield, Notts. He has not got the chair or his money back, and although we have written to the firm on his behalf we have received no reply, our letter being returned marked "Gone away." Perhaps some of our Nottingham readers might help us to find this firm, so that we may give it an opportunity of making a much-needed explanation.

Galloper Hancock.

The touting tipster who calls himself E. Hancock is at his games again. He is writing from the Grove, Wantage, stating that he is in a stable there and rides in the gallops, and is willing to give tips, confidentially, to people who will back horses for him. We may say that there is no "E. Hancock" riding in gallops for any stable in the Wantage district, and that this particular tipster is at least eleven stone in weight, whose horsemanship would probably be fully extended in riding a donkey at the sea-side. Certainly he ought to be a good judge of donkeys if he gets many people to back his tips.

Challenge to the L.G.O.C.

The London General Omnibus Company is regarded as an excellent employer and men are naturally anxious to take service in it. From time to time it advertises for drivers and conductors. A reader of JOHN BULL travelled to Chiswick, arriving there before seven in the morning, in the hope of getting a job. He says that he was sent away by an official who decided that he had a weak eye. This official was not a doctor, and our reader, who has twice been a selected candidate for the Metropolitan Police and once for the London Fire Brigade, does not believe him. If the company cares to look into this matter, we will willingly give it our reader's name and address.

The Human Machine.

Common Sense

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

ONE of the most frequent descriptions we hear applied to people is that they possess a great deal of "common sense."

We all know in a vague way what we mean by "common sense." Let us see what it is in some detail, for it is possible to acquire this admirable character trait.

Common sense implies a receptive mind, one able to take in the details of a job that has to be done, and one that refuses to be sidetracked.

It implies keen observation plus the ability to distinguish between what is essential and what is unessential.

This ability leads on to the thing that distinguishes the common-sense man from the mere visionary—the capacity to look ahead and make plans based on facts and reasoning from cause to effect.

Observation welded to a good memory can hardly fail to produce a measure of common sense, even by themselves.

Will power, of course, enters largely into the creation of common sense. A trained and powerful will means the ability to persist, to control emotion, and to review impulses and decisions in the light of cold reason.

AS important an element as any is the sympathetic interest in his fellows invariably possessed by the man of common sense.

In no other way can the wide knowledge of human nature be acquired that enables one to tackle human problems in "a common sense way."

I have mentioned emotional control; I want to stress it again.

Self-control is, in my view, the outstanding mark of the man of common sense. For it is the root of the calmness in an emergency that makes its possessor the envy and admiration of all.

THE KING OF CADGERS

CHARITY CHEATER'S LATEST CAMPAIGN

A Robber of Poor Little Kiddies

IT is some considerable time since we referred to the audacious activities of a persistent and plausible humbug, George H. Breton, who lives by exploiting charity. But, in view of the universal appeal of his present campaign, it is desirable that the public should be protected from his artful devices.

He has been carrying on his shady work for fifty years. The older he gets, the more cunning and ambitious he grows. He has more "willing" helpers at present than ever before. "Willing" is good. Most of them are touts who are very willing so long as their charitable work benefits their own pockets.

Breton runs what he calls the "Poor Children's Society." This is a splendid and highly benevolent affair—on paper. In reality, it is not a society at all—just an alias for the irrepressible George H. Breton.

Its headquarters are at Shaftesbury Hall, Borough, S.E. A pretence at doing charitable work is made there, and it is true that a few pounds are spent on the objects for which Breton launches his windy appeals for subscriptions.

Where the money goes

A few pounds, that's all. By far the greater proportion of the money goes in "expenses." Breton and his gang get a fat living out of the cash obtained by the plausible methods of the Bretonites, and quite a large staff earn their daily bread in the generous task of helping (ostensibly) the hungry and ill-clothed children of the slums.

It may be said of Breton what Oliver Goldsmith sarcastically said of one of his characters:

"The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes."

The "Poor Children's Society" has a mission-hall in the Borough where mission work is carried on after a style. This is only a blind to cover the real desire and object of Breton—to live softly and easily in his declining years.

As he has done this successfully for the greater part of his life, why stop now, he asks himself, even though, at long last, there is some vague talk of official steps being taken to force people like him to issue properly audited balance-sheets?

Breton has never issued a proper balance-sheet in all the years he has exploited the sacred name of charity, and the finances of his bogus "society" have remained a mystery throughout the half-century during which he has been gulling the generous public with his harrowing stories of the sufferings and privations and tragedies of hapless and helpless children of the slums.

Mind your pockets—!

The work of his "society" is not confined to London. He has opened branches in many sea-side and provincial towns. The same ostensible objects prevail in regard to these places as at "headquarters," and, incidentally, the same underlying object exists there too—the desire to live soft and easily in one's declining years.

Breton's workers are not of the class who give up their time for the pleasure of helping sad and lowly kiddies, and who give up their time voluntarily. They are, as a rule, paid a fixed salary and commission on what they collect over that sum. The more they collect, the more they earn.

Of these collections Breton wants his share, too, and, after expenses have been deducted, the remainder goes to charity! This kind of thing is followed rigidly in the matter of most of the monies collected.

Breton's "Summer Campaign" has now opened, and an army of experienced cadgers is being mobilised for the great offensive now being launched. Playgoers, housewives, shopgirls, restaurant frequenters, public-house customers, cricket-match patrons, Wembley visitors and holiday-makers, etc., will now be called upon to give a thought (and a subscription) to the poor little slaves of slumland who get no change of air, no change of clothes, and no change of dry-bread diet.

Pathetically-labelled collecting-boxes will be pushed under your nose in the street, highly coloured and touching circulars will reach you at breakfast-time begging for subscriptions, and all the tricks of the mendicancy trade will be played by Breton, whose excuse this time will not be the Christmas Treat for Hungry Kiddies, or the New Year's Party, but "a day in the country for the children of the slums." Army and Navy officers, by the way, are being specially appealed to by circular in this respect.

It is because this man Breton is a thorough-paced impostor that we urge the public to give their coppers to charities deserving of the name. Do what many of our readers do—look at the box and if that is labelled "Poor Children's Society," ask the cadging carrier what answer can be made to this exposure of the charity crook who runs this precious concern, and ask, too, how much the collector gets in salary and commission.

A woman was collecting in the Holborn area a few days ago. She was asked by a prospective dupe whether JOHN BULL had not exposed the concern she represented. Her answer was ready—Breton apparently teaches his touts what to say, in emergencies of this kind, before they go a-touting.

What to tell Breton

JOHN BULL was all wrong—all wrong, of course. Mr. Breton was too good a man to bother about such idiotic criticisms of his religious work. He had often thought of taking proceedings for libel, but the Greatest of all Preachers had to put up with much more abuse, which He ignored because His abusers were to be pitied, not blamed, and therefore the good Breton followed the Great Exemplar.

What kind of man, regarded by his disciples as one of the greatest religious workers among children of our time, can remain silent when he is called—as we call him now—a cheat, impostor and humbug?

Give his collectors a wide berth. Put his windy circulars into the waste-paper basket. Tell Breton that JOHN BULL, here and now, has given him the only contribution his bogus society really deserves.

Migration Confidence Trick

Scalp Money for English Touts

WHEN a Britisher is stranded in Australia, through no fault of his own but because he has been misled by specious and unwarrantable inducements to go out to that country, then his position calls for what we propose to give it, an emphatic protest.

We have repeatedly drawn attention to this scandal and we do not propose to let the matter drop until something is done to remedy it. In this, we are glad to say, we have the co-operation and goodwill of important and influential Australian newspapers.

* * *

Sydney Truth, for example, points out that the Commonwealth's Agent-General in London and Australia House are constantly advertising "great prospects" and "guaranteed farm situations" for British workers. In addition to that, there are many touting migration agents who are doing the same thing and who get a scalp fee of 10s., or even £1, per head on all migrants they send to Australia.

At the same time the Australian newspapers are full of advertisements from unemployed farm workers. This must be known to the authorities. Why do they not employ these local people first? Is it fair to bring out British workers, with no experience of the country, or to tell them, as some of the advertisements do, that experience is unnecessary?

Considerable indignation has been aroused in Australia over a recent case, where an Englishman, his wife and two children landed from the s.s. *Baradine* last Christmas Day. This family had gone out on the nomination of a farmer at Laura, in the Blue Mountains.

When this family got there, it was to be told by their nominator that it took him all his time to keep himself going, but the Englishman went up and down amongst other farmers to see if they had any vacancies. There were none. The family was stranded, and at the same time trained local unemployed farm-workers were advertising for positions.

* * *

What we think we are entitled to ask is this: Is there any penalty that can be imposed upon nominators who cause such needless disappointment and suffering, and has any such penalty, if it exists, been imposed upon the nominator in this case?

Two ex-Service men from the North of England arrived by the same ship and were shortly afterwards compelled to sleep in the open. Both are married men. They have been fortunate, as they have secured positions in the "land of golden opportunities" at a wage of £1 a week each. This wage in Australia is below the starvation line.

* * *

Two married men, with their wives and six children—all migrants—were stranded in the streets of Sydney. They were both ex-Service men from Aberdeen, who had served in the Highland Light Infantry and had gone out in the s.s. *Bendigo*.

Sydney Truth puts the Australian point of view tersely when it asks, "Where is this thing going to end? How long are we going to suffer this huge confidence trick being worked on our unfortunate fellow-citizens of the Empire?"

We have asked this question, but we have never succeeded in eliciting a reply. But if Australian and British opinion can be linked up together, we are confident that we shall be able to compel a haughty officialdom to make some effort to explain its ineptitude.

Stopping the Clock

Terminological "Inexactatude"

"EXACTA" is a new word to us, though we know what "exacting" means. Exacta, however, is the name of a company which proposes to honour this country by distributing throughout it a new kind of clock.

It appears that the exacta is not only a clock. It is also a reminder and a signal. According to the literature advertising it, this contraption "is a simultaneou office, house, alarm and signalling clock." When you have grasped this idea, the literature tells you to lighten your memory and increase your abiliti. There is not much exactitude about the spelling of the exacta propagandists.

Perhaps we may try to give a short description of this gadget which may not be technically as accurate, but will be, we hope, a little better spelt.

The alarming clock

If you wish to send a messenger to the bank at ten o'clock and another one to the post-office at 10.30, and have to ring up your wife about mid-day, you simply stick a stopper into a hole marking the appointed time on the exacta clock, and when the time of the appointment comes the clock starts ringing like anything and refusing to be comforted until you go and see your wife or send the messenger to the bank.

This is, in conceivable circumstances, a helpful notion. But the way this clock is being put on the market is scarcely so commendable. The Exacta Company, Limited, appears to be an American company, and it proposes to appoint agents here on condition, as in one case to which our attention has been drawn, that the agent pays down £100 for stock and guarantees to purchase not less than fifteen hundred clocks.

The number of people who want to send a messenger to the bank at 10 a.m. and one to the post-office at 10.30, and also have appointments with their wives at mid-day is, so far as our experience serves us, rather limited.

We observe that the Exacta Company's representative in London, a Mr. Oliver, who stays at the Savoy Hotel, is very exact in his dealings. He got a cheque for £100 from a prospective agent and promptly wired to the bank for a special clearance of it. The agent got cold feet and stopped the cheque.

In the meantime he had been thinking over the actuarial statistics of the proposition and was perhaps unduly depressed by the thought that in his district people too often were economical enough to go to the bank themselves and even to the post-office, and rarely made appointments with their wives before lunch.

A tricky agreement

He is not sorry that he stopped his cheque, even though it also involved the stopping of the agency, because on looking again at his agreement he found a clause which might well be calculated to damp his ardour. There was a clause in the agreement stating that any dispute which might arise regarding the terms or the interpretation of the contract was to be settled by the German courts.

It is possible that a good thing might be made out of an American company which deals with its difficulties in Berlin. But we do not think it indicates any lack of wisdom in refraining from advancing money—real British money—to enable such a concern to make profits lightening the memories of the people of this heavily burdened country.

Bluffing the Bailiffs

Female Pest's Ruses

ONCE upon a time, legend has it, Brentford had kings of its own. Some of the townspeople at the moment would welcome the re-appearance of an absolute monarch who might by royal decree banish from their midst an obnoxious female pest by name of Florence Blanshard.

Mrs. Blanshard, a woman of Amazonian build and with a manner which can be wheedling or bullying at will, may never have committed any of the more venial offences, such as shop lifting, forgery, or assault, which merit a term in Holloway. She has done something worse.

During fourteen years over which we have been able to trace her career, she has swindled tradespeople, acquaintances and the inexperienced with capital to invest, by methods which, though they have not justified police action, have branded her as a grasping harpy.

Jabez called in

While her methods of obtaining commodities, ranging from coal to pianos, from unsuspecting dealers, are not really original, her system of extracting cash from those in her toils is peculiar to herself.

Some time ago she had a house and shop in Uxbridge Road, Hanwell Broadway. A young woman with some capital was offered the shop on payment of £60 in advance for rent.

An agreement was signed, but Mrs. Blanshard being an undischarged bankrupt, a certain Jabez Blanshard was given as the lessee. The young woman never saw Jabez, who is likewise unknown in the neighbourhood, but his signature was witnessed by Florence herself.

The new tenant had hardly taken possession when the landlord of the property secured an eviction order against her on the ground that "Jabez Blanshard" had no interest in the premises and no power to grant such an agreement. The young woman accordingly lost her advance of rent and her outlay.

Bailiffs who were sent in for debts of Mrs. Blanshard were cheated by the production of an alleged agreement showing that another party owned her effects. This man now states that he did put his name to a document, at Mrs. Blanshard's request, but that he did not realise that it was a business-transfer agreement, and that he certainly never paid a penny in consideration thereof.

Mrs. Blanshard is now prospering in High Street, Brentford, with a houseful of lodgers and a shop on the ground floor, occupied by two women who have stocked it with tobacco and confectionery.

Peddling in pianos

At one stage in her career Mrs. Blanshard created considerable discord in the piano trade. Changing her address and adopting business names with great frequency, she made a fine art of victimising dealers with instruments to let on the hire-purchase system.

Whether she happened to be known as "Madame Belmont," "Madame Stella," "Mrs. Huskinson" or "Mrs. Florence," she invariably succeeded in obtaining her music for a nominal consideration. After the original deposit was paid the dealers got nothing, and were lucky if they recovered their property intact without considerable expense in the matter of legal fees.

Mrs. Blanshard's appearances in the County Court are almost too numerous to mention. One of these days she will appear elsewhere, to the keen satisfaction of her fellow-citizens.

SPIRITUALIST'S DOUBLE LIFE

CHURCH PRESIDENT'S SHOCKING RECORD

Letters of Unutterable Filth

IT is our duty to the public to expose in this article the infamous vices of a public man who, although a degraded and perverted hypocrite, poses as a righteous and upright citizen and conducts the affairs of a spiritualistic church

BEFORE one can criticise the private life of any individual a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that there should be some point of public policy involved to justify such an intrusion.

We think that such a point of public policy is involved where a man puts himself forward as a religious leader, and at the same time leads a double life and is a vicious and degraded brute.

These are harsh words. The man to whom we apply them is Henry Paul Rabbich, and he is a well-known citizen of Paignton. He is the President of the Paignton Spiritualistic Society, which, on its notepaper, is stated to be affiliated to the "S.N.U. and S.C.S.U."

The "S.N.U." is the Spiritualists National Union, and we wonder if the people who belong to this Union know the kind of man they are working with when they ally themselves with the unutterable Rabbich.

A good citizen on the surface

Let us deal with Rabbich, in the first place, as he appears to be to those who merely know him from outside. To them he seems to be a good citizen, a man who has been industrious and prudent and has succeeded in amassing money.

As a matter of fact, he was a small builder before the war, and since that time he has been somewhat fortunate in his investments and is now a properly owner on a considerable scale.

Amongst other interests he is the proprietor of the Paignton Pier, and our Special Commissioner discovered, while in the neighbourhood making inquiries, that the general opinion is that it would be much better for Paignton if the local authorities could be induced to take over this pier, which is now a dreary affair, and make it into something more in keeping with the town and its prospects. That is by the way. In addition to his business interests Mr. Rabbich has religious interests. He is an ardent spiritualist, and, as we say, the President of the Paignton Spiritualists' Society.

Leading light of local church

This Society, which is very largely himself, has a church—or, as some people might call it, a "Temple"—and the inhabitants of Paignton and Torquay are invited to go there to listen to discussions upon the most sacred mysteries of life and death, and to arguments as to the real nature of the hereafter.

Our Special Commissioner visited this church, but was not allowed to remain for a service on the ground that he was not a member. This temple is built like a church, with leaded-light windows, a lectern and an organ, and has seating accommodation for three or four hundred worshippers.

Outside, its foundation-stone commemorates the fact that it was laid by Henry Paul Rabbich and others, and the name of Henry Paul Rabbich appears as president.

At the opening service Rabbich declared that the great sensation he had was a feeling of deep gratitude to God. Outwardly a devout spiritualist indeed, and a man claiming humbly to be a shepherd of souls.

Many people, and most of them women, who have suffered from bereavement, find some comfort in these gatherings. Various distinguished speakers are asked to address them.

Amazing claims are made of the work that is done in this temple of spiritualism. On one occasion the president, with the assistance of Mr. R. J. Lees, of Ilfracombe, a well-known spiritualist, endeavoured to cure a young girl, the daughter of a local professional man, of insanity of seven years' standing.

A next-world "cure" that failed

Her complaint, dementia precox, had been given up by the doctors as hopeless. Mr. Lees and Mr. Rabbich struggled over this case for over two hours, when it was declared that she had been restored to a normal condition, and the local papers were full of the sensational story, and published interviews with Mr. Rabbich, who was very graphic in describing what happened.

Henry Paul Rabbich.

Apparently, at first, Mr. Lees—who according to Mr. Rabbich had restored to reason seventy-four people and never had a failure—could not manage the case alone and had to call upon a higher spirit for help.

Then, added Mr. Rabbich, dramatically, a very high spirit came . . . and, at the end of two hours, Mr. Lees fainted, stating that it was the biggest struggle he ever had.

Our Special Commissioner has interviewed the father, and we regret to say that the unhappy girl shortly afterwards became worse than ever, and again had to be sent away for special treatment, which she is still undergoing.

Another of Rabbich's interests is the Parkside Residential Club, a club frequented by both sexes. This is one of his social as well as spiritual interests.

He is now about sixty years of age. For some time the Parkside Club, which he founded, was quite popular with the better class local residents. Latterly, however, it appears to have lost some of its popularity.

Rabbich lives at a house called "The Kraal," Paignton, and he is in many ways a very accommodating person. The other day somebody wrote to him asking what prospects there were of getting a house in Paignton.

The real Rabbich revealed

Rabbich wrote back to say that one could get accommodation at the Parkside Club—"it's a new mixed residential club recently built. Several Londoners have made use of it during this Easter, and have expressed themselves very pleased. We have a freehold church of our own here, the only one in Devonshire, of which we are very proud."

Rabbich adds that he is very well known to many London spiritualistic workers, having been engaged in the cause for upwards of twenty-five years.

Now we have to say quite plainly from information in our possession that the record of this man Rabbich, which we now reveal for the first time, is that of a moral degenerate and a sexual pervert. Apparently a respectable man with a family, he has for years been living a double life, and indulging his loathsome and dirty tastes in the most abandoned and degraded forms of sexual immorality.

We have before us a letter written by him, commencing "My Mistress," and ending "From Your Own Beast." It is so unutterably filthy that we cannot possibly print it.

There are some forms of perversion, well known to the medical world, which are quite impossible to describe in any reputable journal, but which are exhaustively dealt with in the letter in our possession.

These are obviously the symptoms of a mind diseased by sexual obsession and degeneracy.

There are four pages of this abominable letter, in which the writer gloats over indescribably filthy suggestions.

Rabbich—and the Zoo

The man who could write such a thing is entirely unfit to mix with decent society, and, above all, for a position of trust, such as that of president of the only freehold church in Devonshire, of which Rabbich claims the local people are very proud.

At the present time this man Rabbich, who has been a local councillor, and is still an important citizen of Paignton, is interested in a movement to acquire a zoo for the town in which he resides, and which we suggest to him he now ought to have the decency to leave. It would be unfair to the lowest animals in that zoo that this degraded human animal should arrogate to himself any share in looking after them.

In the course of his spiritual activities this degenerate meets many women, among them many ladies of position. They may believe what he tells them of his religious interests and devotions. We say to them that he is unfit to enter the same room with them.

Spiritualism and muck mixed

We invite him to resign his presidency of the Paignton Spiritualist Society at once, and to leave the air of Devon unpolluted by his disgusting personality.

There is a great deal to be said for spiritualism, and there are many ardent spiritualists associated with this man Rabbich who are actuated by the most earnest-minded desires to do good.

But we think they would be acting in their own interests if they dissociated themselves from this grovelling beast, who has gloried in his utter shame and degradation by writing letters which would affect normal persons with nausea.

Mixed up with these dreadful effusions are references to his spiritualistic activities, to his chairmanship and treasurership of meetings, and to the ladies of position, and sometimes of title, with whom he has been brought into contact in his pose of a man of piety, devoutly thankful to God.

He is a degraded and canting humbug, and he ought to be ashamed to take the Sacred Name on his polluted lips.

SENSATIONAL SECRETS OF SOCIETY

ENTHRALLING NEW SERIES

. . . they were meeting each other almost nightly.

IN this article the world's greatest detective reveals an astounding story of bigamy and double blackmail. The writer is the Sherlock Holmes of to-day: a real living detective, whose particular duty it is to handle the most delicate cases, involving some of the highest in the land. He narrates in this and subsequent issues the inside stories of some of the cases which have been prevented from coming into court in order to shield the participants from the glare of publicity

Two Blackmailing Wives

A Bigamous Marriage which Cost a French Count £45,000

WHEN you are a Society detective you come across dozens of different instances of that eternal triangle which provides endless work and amusement for the Divorce Court.

Occasionally bigamy enters into the question and complicates matters, owing to the possibility of criminal proceedings. Hard on the train of bigamy comes the infinitely worse crime of blackmail.

In the course of these stories I shall have many strange tales to tell of blackmail in high society. There is an amount of it which is perfectly appalling, mostly on the part of women who live in the lap of luxury, thanks to the possession of a secret which would certainly ruin the victim of it if it became public.

There are thousands of ladies of comparatively easy virtue, the majority of them women mixing in very good society, who live on the frailties of mankind.

First and foremost, there is the woman who is "kept"; then there is the lady who has numerous admirers in her train and, with a good deal of cleverness, gets money out of them all; lastly, but not leastly, there is the female blackmailer.

Beautiful and dangerous

I have come into contact with dozens of them, all the more dangerous because they look so beautifully innocent. There is one of these ladies living in London to-day, the Countess ——, a woman who is now about forty-two years of age and runs the most fashionable house of assignation in the West End.

Her "friends," as she prefers to call them, are what might be termed of an eclectic nature—that is, the best of everything is good enough for them—and Madame la Comtesse is sufficiently discerning to cater for their needs. She has adopted this profession solely because I stepped in and put an end to one of the most astounding cases of blackmail.

Something like fifteen years ago she found herself in China, where she had been the mistress of a well-known German diplomat. Certainly the lady possessed a most wondrous beauty, to say nothing of being devoid of all scruples.

She soon got tired of her Hun, owing to the discovery that another foreign diplomat, the military *attaché* of the French Embassy in Peking, was madly in love with her, and prepared, not only to marry her, but to give her his vast fortune.

The marriage took place in China, and there was some considerable trouble about it. In the first place, the newly-made Countess was informed that it was doubtful if the marriage would hold good in Europe. It had been solemnised up-country by a missionary, and after the ceremony had taken place the Countess thought it would be better to make assurance doubly sure by sending a couple of hundred miles for a Jesuit priest to have the ceremony performed once again in the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. So far, so good.

It took the unfortunate Count but a very few months to discover that he had made a terrible mistake. His wife not only wasted thousands of pounds on all sorts of ridiculous extravagances, but openly misconducted herself.

So outrageous was her behaviour that her husband was compelled to resign his diplomatic appointment and return to France. He left his wife behind and frankly told her before he went that he hoped never to see her again. She was allowed an income of £1,500 a year, and no doubt the Count congratulated himself on having made the best of a very bad bargain.

Walking into silken webs

Time went on. The war came, and the Count forgot all about the wife he had married in China, to such an extent, indeed, that he took the liberty of marrying again, although he must have known perfectly well that his real wife was still in the land of the living. The allowance he had made her was still being paid.

However, he decided to take the risk, and, strange as it may seem, he had apparently learnt nothing by his previous experience. Instead of marrying a woman of good family whose antecedents were beyond reproach, he picked up another adventuress, a dashing dark-haired siren whom he met at Deauville in the height of the 1920 season.

It is to be feared that the gallant Count was an easy prey to any designing woman, although admittedly only the ultra-clever ones could get him to the point when he would propose marriage.

Certainly the adventuress was blissfully ignorant at the time that she was marrying a bigamist, while undoubtedly the poor Count had little or no conception of what was in store for him. But a very few months sufficed for the Count to realise that he had again picked a wrong 'un.

His bigamist wife was as impossible as the first and made the money fly in a way that could not last for very long. There were innumerable bitter quarrels, culminating in a separation which cost the poor, philandering Count another considerable slice of his fortune.

That fatal lunch party

Madame la Comtesse the second did not know then, of course, that she was bigamously married. Naturally the Count did not dare to inform her, and so, for the time being, he got rid of her.

But then things began to happen, which very shortly resulted in my coming on the scene and unearthing a little comedy—or perhaps some people may like to term it a tragedy—which would undoubtedly furnish the material for a successful play.

One day at the Carlton Hotel the Countess the first was lunching with some friends—she had returned from China a year or two previously—and during the course of the meal some people came up and were introduced to her. Naturally, to a society adventuress the title of Countess was an invaluable asset and she was duly introduced to the newcomers in that name.

Enter the long arm of coincidence, in a manner that only a playwright would dare to assume.

"Why, that's very strange," ejaculated one of the men in astonishment. "I know another Countess of the same name—in fact, she is in the hotel now. I saw her sitting in the lounge waiting for some one as I came in."

When both "wives" met

Imagine the astonishment! Madame la Comtesse the first replied that it was utterly impossible, as she, to the best of her knowledge, was the one and only Simon Pure. "It cannot be," she said. "I married the Count in China in 1910, and I certainly have not divorced him nor has he divorced me."

"Well, I don't know anything about that," replied the man who had burst the bombshell. "But I certainly do know a lady who calls herself the Countess and if you like I will introduce you to her. By jove," he cried suddenly, "there she is, coming in!"

The eyes of all the little party turned to the door, where there was seen entering a tall, flashing-eyed woman, strikingly handsome in her appearance and gowned in a manner that savoured of unlimited wealth. She was accompanied by a male friend, and the pair of them, unaware of the discussion that was taking place, seated themselves at a table.

Nothing was done until the meal was over, and then the two countesses were introduced. The individual who undertook the task discreetly vanished from the scene the moment he had done the deed. Like a wise man, he doubtless concluded that there would be trouble in store for the poor Count. Nor was he mistaken.

The shady solicitor

That was the beginning of what in my experience was the most amazing case of blackmail for many years. The two wives, adventuresses both, cared not a rap for the troubles of the Count. In good American, they "got together" and evolved one of the finest schemes of blackmail that I have ever known, the victim, of course, being the husband.

First of all, Countess the second wrote to her bigamous husband to inform him that she had made the dreadful discovery that she was not really his wife, and, *sotto voce*, that she was consulting her solicitor as to whether she should take criminal proceedings against him. In the meantime, he would be wise to meet her lawyers in consultation and decide what should be done.

A shady solicitor came on the scene, fully apprised of all the facts. The Count's lawyers came from Paris and there was a conference in London, at which it was delicately hinted that the bigamous wife would only abstain from invoking the aid of the law if she were paid a considerable sum of money.

Damaging a damaged "reputation"

The French lawyers blustered and stormed and retaliated with a threat of prosecution for blackmail. But they were only bluffing, because the last thing the Count desired was to find himself in a criminal court charged with bigamy.

In the end the sum of £5,000 was paid over on the understanding that Countess the second abstained from all further claim on her husband.

All the time this was going on the two wives were meeting each other daily and reporting progress. No doubt the two ladies shared the money, and therefore it is hardly to be wondered at that the time came—and not very long afterwards—when more was needed.

This time Madame la Comtesse the first made her appearance on the scene. She wrote, also through her solicitors, to inform the unfortunate Count that she was still in the land of the living, which doubtless he would bear with much regret, and adding that to her great surprise she had been informed that he had married again.

"Of course," the letter went on, "this was a terrible shock to our client, and no words of ours are needed to emphasise the damage to her reputation which is being done owing to there being another Countess who is well known in London society. We suggest that you come to London at once."

Closed mouths at a stiff price

Talk about Bluebeard's eighth wife! What the poor Count thought about it all can well be imagined, but he could do nothing more than once again send his lawyers over to find out how much the first wife wanted to keep her mouth shut.

The real Countess was a little more expensive than the bigamous one. It cost the worried husband £10,000 and a formidable sum in lawyers' costs to meet her ideas of compensation. When that was done, he probably shook hands with himself and deluded himself into the idea that he was well out of the wood.

But, alas! within six months of paying out the first wife there came another demand from the second, who made no bones about confessing that she was very hard up and meant to have money by hook or by crook. She got it—another £5,000, which she faithfully promised would be the last.

Bled white by vampires

But very shortly afterwards the first wife also ran short, and she also rudely demanded another substantial sum as the price of her silence. Had the unfortunate Count immediately put the matter in the hands of the police, he could have stopped the blackmail at once. But this he would not do, despite the

(*Continued on next page.*)

Two Blackmailing Wives

(*Continued from page* 12)

pleadings of his lawyers. Being very well-known in French society, the idea of the exposure which must necessarily result was so abhorrent to him that he preferred to go on paying.

Inside less than four years he had paid out over £15,000 and the time had come when he must either be utterly ruined or else put a stop to the operations of the two vampires who were bleeding him white.

I was brought into the case to see what could be done, and after many consultations with the husband and his solicitors I advised him that the only way out of the difficulty was to obtain such incriminating evidence that it would be possible to go to the two women and threaten them with a long term of imprisonment for blackmail.

While the maid was out

I had no great difficulty in getting on their tracks. They were well known in the West End, particularly in the fashionable night clubs and cabarets where the women of their class are wont to seek their clients. They were meeting each other almost nightly.

Getting hold of the evidence I wanted proved a difficult job which lasted many months. In various disguises I got into the flats of both women searching for incriminating letters.

One afternoon in the flat of the real wife I found a new maid, a young girl just up from the country who had been left in charge while the other servants had gone out for the afternoon. I asked her if she would like to go to the theatre that night. She would, and like a lamb cheerfully consented to go down to Piccadilly and book the seats.

It gave me something like half-an-hour to myself, and during that time I ransacked every drawer and every box in the flat for letters that would enable me to put an end to the blackmail.

Possibly it may have meant jail for me had I been caught, but if I knew my bird I don't think she would have dared hand me over to the police. At any rate, I was prepared to chance it, and when I had finished my burgling I had sufficient letters in my possession to send both Countesses to jail for ten years.

Staging the show-down

The termination of this strange drama came about a week later when the two vampires, unbeknown to each other, were invited to call by appointment at a certain solicitor's office. Countess the first was seated in a room wondering what she had been sent for when in walked her fellow-blackmailer.

What a study in expression when they saw each other! "Oh!" they both cried in astonishment, "what does this mean?"

The gentlemen in charge of the matter wasted very few words upon the precious pair. "I think both you ladies will realise that the time has come when your blackmail comes to an end. These letters," producing the bundle I had burgled, "would, if sent to Scotland Yard, be sufficient to keep you out of harm's way for a very long time. For obvious reasons the Count is not going to prosecute, but I can assure you that if there is any repetition of your demands he will put a stop to your disgraceful conduct once and for all."

That was the end of an episode that I think is almost without parallel in modern times.

Next week I will reveal for the first time the story behind a "Princess" who imposed on London Society by her masquerading until there was a Scotland Yard sequel.

A BRUTE AND HIS BABY

HOW POOR CHILDREN LIVE—AND DIE

Write to your M.P. about it!

We have constantly revealed to the public revolting cases of cruelty to children in order to press for legislation that will give magistrates the power to send cruel parents and others to long, instead of short, terms of imprisonment.

Hundreds of cases come to our knowledge which we are unable to deal with in JOHN BULL owing to consideration of space, though we deal with them in other ways, and the public can therefore take it that the scandal is much greater than is generally realised.

What is wanted is fresh legislation, and the purpose of this article—in which we think it desirable to deal in detail with one of the worst cases of cruelty and neglect ever told in our columns—is to invite our readers to write to their Members of Parliament urging them to tackle the problem in the House. Cruelty will never stop while culprits can get off easily with fines and short sentences.

The brute who did not care

On the Plymouth-Exeter main road, at Chudleigh, there is a disused limekiln—a filthy, insanitary den, fit only, if at all, to be the lair of a wild animal. About a month ago, Mr. Arthur W. Benan, a road foreman of Exeter, went to the limekiln to look for some missing pails. He found there a woman and two children, and, in consequence of what he saw, reported the matter to the local police.

The woman went by the name of Mrs. Smith, wife of William Henry Smith, a labourer, who, when occasion served, also acted as a licensed hawker. They had no permanent address. It appears that the pair travelled about the country selling things, and lived in an indescribable state of filth.

As the result of investigations by the N.S.P.C.C., Inspector Richards warned the cave man, Smith, that the woman was approaching confinement and she had better leave the kiln at once. Mr. Richards specially urged the man not to permit the birth to take place there, in such shocking conditions, and the man promised to take the woman to the local institution.

A local farm labourer, George Champitt, who days before the birth found the Smiths in the kiln, also gave a humane warning to the primitive husband not to let the confinement take place there, telling him he would get into trouble if he did. Smith replied in the same way, about taking the woman to the local institution.

He did not keep his promise, however, and on the morning of May 12, four days later, a child was born.

Born amid sordid surroundings

Sergeant Elworthy, of the local police, visited the kiln later in the day and found the baby, only a few hours old, lying on a bed of straw and rags and covered by a shawl. *There were burns on the poor mite's hands and wrists!*

He also found two other children there in a filthy condition. The only food was bread and margarine, in a perambulator and absolutely no furniture at all, save an old tin used for cooking purposes.

Smith's explanation was that he tried to get the woman to go to the infirmary, but she refused. But for at least four days in that dreadful limekiln he knew that a confinement was pending, and yet made no effort to put things right. The institution was quite near at hand, and at least three people had specifically warned him against the very tragedy that, through his wicked and obstinate carelessness, was impending.

The woman told the officer a remarkable story. Her real name is Elsie Naomi Sanders, and she is not married to Smith, but has been living with him, at no permanent address, for the past ten years.

The child was born without any medical aid, and Sanders told the police that she had got up a few minutes after it was born and washed and dressed it. All Smith, who was present, did, apparently, was to heat some water and hand it to her to wash the child with.

Miss Coombs, the district nurse of Chudleigh, who accompanied the police to the kiln, gave evidence at an inquest which was held some days later—for the poor child died—and said she went to the kiln to find the baby dying.

In the opinion of Dr. H. G. Walters death was due to loss of blood through inattention at birth, accelerated by shock caused by the burns and the conditions in which the child was born. He considered the woman ought to have sent for medical aid, and added that the child would have lived had medical attention been given at birth and had Smith sent for the required assistance.

Smith, at the inquest, when asked to explain his conduct merely said, "I wish to have nothing at all to say." The jury gave a verdict that death was not directly due to any one's culpable neglect.

What was the sequel? Both these parents, who were later charged with neglect of the other two children, have now been punished by being sent to jail for three months each. From this it would appear that if a child is allowed to be brought into the world in circumstances that give it practically no chance, the negligent father is not culpably negligent and therefore cannot be punished. But he can be punished for ill-treating other children which are hardly enough to survive.

Is not this an appalling story of life in modern England?—a story that one might think could only be told of the bushmen and Hottentots of Central Africa?

It is rendered all the worse by the fact that this wretched mother has previously been in jail for neglecting her children, and, even after that, was admitted with her children to the workhouse in a filthy, dirty and verminous state. They came out again clean and well-nourished, and in a few days were as dirty and as verminous as ever.

How you can help

Can one think without horror of this unhappy infant's fate, born into this world to live in it only a few short hours of dreadful agony and suffering?

There may be to-day men of a type so debased and brutalised and primeval that they can stand indifferently by while a woman goes through, in the worst conditions, what is an agonizing ordeal in the best circumstances.

Is it not the business of the law to teach such wretched creatures the elements of decency and humanity? Is such a lesson really given when the caveman is sent back to his lair with not even an expression of disapproval to pierce his thick skin?

Write to your Member of Parliament about it!

Through a Glass Darkly

The Pane of Parting

AN enterprising gentleman, giving the name of C. H. Fletcher, is going about working a rather ingenious dodge upon unsuspecting housewives.

His procedure is to call upon them and point out the difficulties of private persons cleaning the windows of their own houses, which, as he rightly says, is an expert's job.

He himself is the expert. He does not propose actually to clean the windows himself, but he is the representative of the Midland Window Cleaning Company, 20 Craven Street, London, W.C. 2, which makes a speciality of this kind of work.

In this connection he puts forward an alluring proposition. He undertakes to clean the windows of an average house over a period to be decided upon according to the fee paid.

His usual procedure is to extract 5s. on account, and he is punctilious about giving a printed receipt for this, setting forth not only the address of his company but, as a further guarantee of good faith, even its telephone number, Gerrard 8696. This is excellent as an acknowledgment of money had and received. But it is not the whole of the contract, which included the cleaning of the windows.

Many people have parted with their money to this enterprising gentleman, Mr. Fletcher, and their windows still remain sordid and uncleaned. One lady had contracted to have her windows cleaned for a whole year. They have not even been rubbed over once. Mr. Fletcher's minions have never come near her.

In the circumstances she thought it right to ring up Gerrard 8696. Her inquiry as to the cause of the delay was answered by a polite voice which said that Mr. Fletcher was no longer there. He had merely "used" their telephone number.

Our own inquiries into this matter enable us to state that on April 27 last, a gentleman giving the name of E. A. Wood, with an address at 82, Park Street, Camden Town, took an office at 20, Craven Street, and left suddenly about a fortnigh after.

There is a batch of letters awaiting him, and also postcards clamouring for his belated window-cleaning services or for the return of the money.

Fletcher cannot be found at Craven Street, nor at Park Street, Camden Town, which he used merely as an accommodation address by the courtesy of the tenant, upon whom, no doubt, he had also imposed.

We think it extremely likely that he is continuing his games elsewhere, possibly in another name.

That is why we tell this story, and we invite any of our readers who are waited upon by this plausible person to telephone immediately to us without taking the further trouble to mention to Mr. Fletcher the fact that they are doing so.

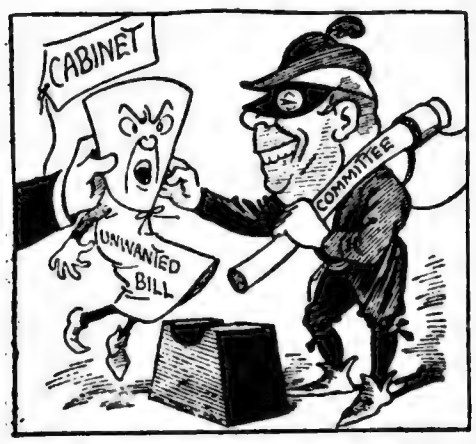
We shall then do our best, if not to get in touch with him ourselves, to put him in touch with other people who can speak to him with the greater weight of official authority.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

Tho' films umpteen are on the screen
Few British films are bookin'.
To be exact, we're simply whacked
And hardly get a look in.

This Title Shop they've had to stop—
It caused too big a scandal;
Sad news, one fears, for profiteers
With names without a handle.



No Cabinet was ever yet
So prone as this to pity,
For any Bill they want to kill
They hand to some "Committee."

"Reds" on the brain they've got again—
This pair of priceless fogies.
Ills they should cure we still endure
While they waste time on bogeys.

OUR INSURANCE GIFT

IMPORTANT INCREASE IN BENEFITS

Holidays and Wireless Provided For

THE JOHN BULL Free Insurance Gift is admittedly one of the greatest achievements of modern journalism; and it is now recognised and unchallenged as the most generous, the most comprehensive, and the most practical offered to the public to-day by any paper in the world.

We are naturally proud of this, because it has more than justified our policy, which has always been to concentrate upon actual value to our registered readers first, and we have taken the utmost pains to frame the benefits under this Free Gift so as to enable our readers to make the most complete provision possible against the common accidents and disabilities that are likely to happen to any one, and which nobody in the long run can hope entirely to avoid.

We might mention here that, in furtherance of our intention to give safeguards against common accidents that may happen in every home, we have decided to make a new and additional gift, which we are sure will be appreciated by those to whom it is offered.

Protection on holiday

We intend giving a benefit which will provide against damage by lightning to wireless receiving sets, thus removing an apprehension that may be felt in the summer months when thunderstorms may be expected.

Another example of our intimate touch with our readers may be quoted in a further boon that we have also decided to give—a holiday extension benefit. Under this, JOHN BULL'S free insurance benefits are extended to registered readers during their stay at hotels, boarding-houses or apartments, a summer concession that covers both accident and material damage, the latter up to £50 (which is to cover personal belongings and baggage) as provided under our Free Insurance Gift.

Consider, for a moment, in detail some of the benefits for which the reader qualifies the moment his registration form, which appears in every issue of this journal, is received by us.

A registered reader, for example, has a really splendid and all-embracing protection against fire in the home. He or she is covered up to £400 against loss by fire of the household furniture or personal effects.

Sixteen thousand benefits paid

We might pause here to point out the value thus given under our Great Free Insurance Gift in this matter of fire alone. For instance, to obtain a similarly full protection would cost at least 8s. per annum, for that is the lowest premium which would be charged by any reputable insurance company.

But the protection against fire is only one of a large number of other benefits conferred upon readers under our scheme.

This is quite clear when we point out that those who become registered readers of JOHN BULL, which costs them only 2d. a week, become automatically entitled to benefits which they could not obtain in the ordinary open market for insurance from any established and reputable company for less than 25s. a year.

It need hardly be said that it has cost a very substantial sum of money to carry out the offer which we have thus made to the readers of JOHN BULL and to achieve our object of giving only practical everyday benefits for the protection of those readers.

For instance, up to the present moment we have already paid over sixteen thousand benefits to JOHN BULL readers. That alone is a record which will compare favourably with the volume of work done by many of the great insurance corporations.

Take one of the many benefits under our great gift—insurance against sickness. Over fifteen hundred readers have received cheques of five guineas each, surely an acceptable and welcome contribution to the home in times of tribulation and trial.

More than two thousand readers have received cheques in respect of accidents; and over five thousand readers have been substantially and promptly compensated for material damage to their houses by lightning and storm, a compensation which is usually excluded from ordinary insurance policies as "the act of God."

Just as we are proud of the amount of the benefits we have been able to confer, we are no less, and we think legitimately, proud of the appreciation shown by our readers for the prompt as well as the generous settlements it is our rule to make.

It has always been the policy of JOHN BULL to handle its own cases. We do not hand over our responsibility to an insurance company whose sole interest is to cut down claims.

Our object has been, and will continue to be, to maintain a sympathetic personal relationship with our readers.

To those who have no insurance at all, we would earnestly say, "Have you considered the serious risk you are running? Have you realised, for example, that a single spark might lead to a conflagration that would possibly involve the loss of lives near and dear to you, or at least the lesser but certainly serious misfortune of wiping out a home and perhaps the savings of a lifetime? Why should you take this risk, when you can provide against it, as we have shown, for practically nothing at all?

Make your home safe

If you are already insured, you might consider whether you will continue to pay premiums to insurance companies when you can save a substantial sum, and get the same cover as a free gift from JOHN BULL. Or you can add to your safety and protection by taking advantage of our offer. Can one be too fully protected on a vital matter of this kind?

Safety first. Fill in the registration forms on page 2. Once they reach us your part is finished. We do the rest. The safety of the people is the highest law of life.

Cat-and-Mouse Justice

Law that Needs Amending

SOME of the greatest of our contemporary lawyers, such as Lord Birkenhead and Lord Cave, are doing their best to bring about such reforms in the law as will do away with some of its most glaring inequities and inequalities.

We draw the attention of these two ex-Chancellors to the following amazing case, the facts of which we have investigated, and we ask whether it is not possible, as it is obviously desirable, to amend the law under which such things can happen, apparently as a matter of course.

* * *

A man of good position and character, whose name and address are in our possession, and who has held important positions in commerce and journalism, lived in one of the colonies with his wife and child. He and his wife did not get on well together, but on neither side, apparently, was there any conduct that would justify a formal dissolution of the marriage bond.

Four years ago the man came to this country, leaving his wife and child behind. He succeeded in securing a position here and he sent his wife an allowance of £4 a week for maintenance, which sum she drew regularly up to the latter part of 1923.

At this point the wife decided that she would like to come to England. The husband, who had to go abroad on business, declined to agree to this suggestion and refused to pay the passage money. In view of the unpleasantness in his domestic life, he thought it better to go abroad again and gave up his position. For some time he could pay nothing, but as soon as he got a position he resumed the payment.

Believing that his wife had accepted the situation, he returned to England, where he got employment at £10 a week. He found that, during his absence, his wife had got a maintenance order from the Australian Courts for £7 a week. He paid under this order for some time, until his health broke down under the strain and he was again unemployed.

* * *

On the very morning that he was offered an agency, that would probably have enabled him to comply with the order, he was arrested for arrears to the extent of £127, mostly under the £7 order in Australia, taken out at a time when he was not earning a penny. As a matter of fact, he had succeeded in getting this £7 order reduced in the English courts to £4 a week.

But the reduction apparently did not apply to the arrears. He produced letters in court as evidence that he had a position offered to him and pleaded for an opportunity to pay, to which he thought he was entitled as there was nothing against his character, and he had never previously appeared in court on any charge whatever.

* * *

The magistrate at the Greenwich Police Court, before which he appeared, disregarded his pleas and sent him to Brixton Prison for a month.

He has come out of prison without funds and without employment, and he may not be successful in obtaining employment for months. Yet, irrespective of whether he has the means to pay or not, he can be arrested or imprisoned for continually lengthened periods about every six weeks.

The law puts him in prison at a cost to the State, shattering his chances of employment, and his wife gets nothing. Here, surely, is a case where the law must be amended to give a man the chance to do what it so imperiously demands of him.

PUTTING THE RICH TO WORK!

IS the titled class unfairly maligned? Is not the accusation, "The Idle Rich," unjust? The writer of this intensely interesting article tells of his own experience as a British workman in overalls instead of a coronet

by The EARL OF BECTIVE.

IT is a commonly accepted idea among those who labour with their hands that because a man is a member of the aristocracy he does nothing but loaf around and enjoy himself, and that he never works. This is a pathetic delusion. Indeed, I make bold to assert that the young men of this country who, after training in the Public Schools, pass into the Army and Navy, the Diplomatic Service, the Church and the learned professions, are no less gifted with brains and do their work no less thoroughly than the sons of men in other walks of life.

An extraordinary fusion of social classes is going on in this country. The old rigid caste barriers are disappearing. Super-taxation and death duties—the rich man's burden—are driving the sons of the supposed well-to-do into commerce. Only so can the hereditary system survive; for no man can succeed his father and live as his forebears did unless he is prepared to repair the ravages of taxation by working in a more profitable way than has hitherto been the custom.

That curse called "work"

The class which people like to call "the idle rich" is fast disappearing, if, indeed, it ever actually existed. Useful as political clap-trap, the term "idle" applied to wealth is economically meaningless. Apart from the miser who hoards his gold in secret, like the man in the parable "burying his one talent," nobody's money is idle; it all goes to buy something which has to be made and so gives employment.

Work is generally regarded as part of man's primeval curse, a burdensome legacy from the first Adam; but if a man will only learn to work loyally with the twin aims of helping himself and serving his fellows, he will soon find it is not a curse but a blessing. These are the ideals on which all business should be founded, and I want to protest strongly against the notion that commerce is of necessity a squalid undertaking unworthy of men who call themselves "gentlemen."

Commerce can be as fine a calling as any other service or profession; it can afford an outlet for the best instincts of men and women, and there's no sport in the world with half its charm.

An earl in overalls

Forgive me if I introduce a personal note. Don't blame me because I have a handle to my name; I was born with it, and there it is. But it is not always an advantage in rubbing shoulders with one's fellows. For three years past I have had the privilege of working side by side with the British working-man, both incognito and under my own name—an opportunity I would not have missed for worlds—and I would ask my readers to think of me not as an outsider but as one of themselves.

When first I went to work at the head office of a large electrical firm I was put in the receiving office in the basement and kept hard at it for months. The job had "no frills," but it was full of interest and amusement. I learned a host of language, good and bad. It all helps. At first the men did not hear my name aright, and mistaking it for "Beckett" they christened me "Joe." By the time they eventually discovered my identity my new name was so well-established that "Joe" I remain to this day.

At Coventry, where I also worked, I was not as "incognito" as I imagined, and my nickname, "the ruddy earl"—we will say—was less complimentary than it might have been.

All my experience as a fellow-worker with the ordinary working-man has convinced me that generally he is as sound as a bell at heart. Life is none too easy for him, and certainly less easy for his wife. I believe, however, that the lot of the housewife will be considerably eased in the near future by the application of electrical power to the home.

The maid that shocks

Here is a goal of service which every engineer as well as the capitalists and the politicians should keep steadily before their eyes. Electricity is the sovereign labour-saver, the paramount cure for drudgery and thankless toil. It is a "servant" which creates no "problem," never asks for an evening out, and is ready to work all the year round, night and day, weekdays and Sundays, for wages that should soon be ridiculously small.

The Earl of Bective

I want the wonderful labour-saving power of electricity—clean, easy and dependable—to be at the disposal of every British housewife, especially the poorest, and I consider that the provision of cheap electrical power for domestic use as well as for industrial purposes ought to be one of the main concerns of a Government bent on practical social reforms.

In our business enterprises we should imbue every member with the idea of service, and in so doing convert every workshop and factory into a scene of enthusiastic endeavour. We must all work together for that ideal. This principle, universally applied, would eliminate the disastrous disputes which have spoiled and hampered industrialism and enable British commerce to regain its place in the world.

An ideal is none the worse because it is of everyday practical concern. I believe that the "white magic" of electricity, if it were brought within the reach of all, would confer the boon of leisure upon thousands of women for whom life at present is an unending slavery, and so transform their drab existence into something worth calling life.

What the King said

Electricity has not yet nearly come into its own in this country as far as its domestic uses are concerned, and it will never do so until the price of current is sensibly cheapened. Other countries, like the United States and Switzerland, possess in their tremendous water-power natural facilities for generating cheap current, and they are making the most of them, as in several leading industries we are discovering to our cost.

Great Britain has no reserves of water-power, but in her coal mines she possesses an almost equivalent source of energy. What is needed is a far-seeing national policy and efficient State organisation.

Instead of many small electric supply stations scattered all over the country we must have huge central stations located at the pit-heads, converting the coal as it comes from the seams direct into electrical energy, and distributing it all over the country to sub-stations, and thence to the consumer. This will enormously cheapen the price of electricity, since it is obviously far cheaper to convey electric current than to transport coal.

The fruitful uses of electricity were made the subject of eloquent mention by His Majesty the King at the recent opening of a vast new power-station at Barking. "No longer a luxury for the few, electricity has become a necessity for the many. Its continued growth and wider use will diminish the cost of production and so make it more generally obtainable."

I trust these words may be taken as an indication that His Majesty's Government is thinking along these lines, and that before long the policy of "Electricity for the People" will take practical shape.

Easing the wife's burden

No home can be really "ideal" without electricity, and none can be as ideal as the electric home. Electric light is marvellously adaptable. It can be placed inside a vase, in any fitting, at any angle, and from it can be obtained any one of a hundred lighting effects and a score of handy domestic uses. Next in order come its facilities for heating, cooking and power; but the price—often imagined to be higher than it is—discourages its use.

What people fail to realise is that the more current they consume the greater the demand becomes and the cheaper the cost of production. This has already been proved in several metropolitan boroughs, where electric current at popular prices has been made feasible by a vigorous public demand.

"Electricity for the People" is a good fighting slogan, far more genuine than most of the political catch-cries which excite us so much at election times. People who oppose this policy are fighting the inevitable, for Nature points clearly along the path of progress, and a national scheme of cheap electric supply is among the certainties of the early future.

Globes of contentment

We have not nearly reached rock-bottom prices, although even now at the average price of current the cost of burning an electric 20-watt lamp for about ten minutes is equal to the cost of striking a match!

The housewife's burden would be immensely lightened by the introduction of cheap electrical power on the same popular lines as gas is now supplied in the poorer localities. We must have the penny-in-the-slot electrical meter, and the same thorough-going effort to popularise electrical contrivances as has given a new lease of life to the principal gas companies.

Cheap power also goes a long way towards solving the unemployment problem and reviving trade.

Two things are needful—first, the gift of constructive imagination in the Government which will enable them to glimpse the future and see the wonderful possibilities of electricity as a cleanser and sweetener of life; and, second, a period of settled peace in industry, so that masters and men may give of their best in the sacred cause of service to their fellows.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—You are developing a fine faculty for special pleading, and your speech at Welbeck Abbey, delivered to 45,000 of your supporters, was no exception to this rule. In it you stated that in England to-day there is no room for the wrecker or the slacker, and that until we have peace in our hearts and our country we cannot impose upon the world at large the peace all are yearning for. I must point out, that until the work is waiting we have no means of deciding where and who the slackers are. It is hungry, homeless, hopeless men who tend to become wreckers. And that is what, as Prime Minister, you forget. JOHN BULL.

To Colonel LANE-FOX, M.P.,
Minister of Mines.

SIR,—The recent accident at the Law Colliery, Lanarkshire, in which four miners lost their lives, emphasises the need for safer winding apparatus in the pit-shaft. A safety device which, had it been in use at the Law Colliery, would in all likelihood have averted this disaster has been submitted for your inspection. As soon as you have had it tested you will be expected to enforce its use. If you neglect your obvious duty in the matter a hundred thousand working miners will want to know the reason why.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord STEVENSON, G.C.M.G.,
Chairman: British Empire Exhibition, Wembley.

DEAR SIR,—The object-lesson of empty pavilions and idle amusements has accomplished what our common-sense warnings failed to do, and you have decided to abolish the half-crown day at Wembley. Can you not open your eyes a little wider and see the necessity for cheaper Saturdays, and Sunday opening? Unless this is done the great British Empire Exhibition is doomed to become a memory without the majority of Londoners having seen it. Working folks find Wembley too far off to get there and back in the evening. JOHN BULL.

To His Excellency Sir JAMES O'GRADY,
Governor, Tasmania.

DEAR SIR JAMES,—I understand that since your appointment by the late Labour Government as Governor of Tasmania you have been submitted to a considerable amount of rudeness and annoyance by the "swells" of the Tasmanian capital, who think you are not quite "classy" enough for your job. I do not for a moment suppose that this sort of thing worries you a ha'porth, but if you care to tell your detractors, with my compliments, that they are a set of shallow-pated snobs, whose manners would disgrace a monkey-house, you have my permission.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Justice McCARDIE,
Leeds Assize Court.

DEAR SIR,—You believe the terrible increase of crime is due to the inadequacy of sentences given to criminals found guilty of second offences, and you state that hardened offenders should be sent to penal servitude. The trouble is that penal servitude as understood in our prisons has no reforming effect upon the criminal. Why should not you, and other judges sharing the same concern, bend your energies to the matter and set the pace? JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Revd. Dr. E. W. BARNES,
Bishop of Birmingham.

DEAR BISHOP,—In refusing to condemn birth control you spoke from no ill-considered judgment. You see no sane reason why a poor woman should be condemned to bring unwanted children into the world for lack of knowledge her well-to-do sister enjoys. The real immorality rests in indiscriminate breeding in conditions of underfeeding and overcrowding. You have the courage of your convictions, and I trust you will not be deterred by silly and ignorant abuse.

JOHN BULL.

To Lt.-Colonel C. B. LEVITA, M.P.
Chairman L.C.C. Housing Committee.

DEAR SIR—You have stated that in the near future 2,000 or more wooden houses will be erected by your committee to relieve the terrible overcrowding in London. You had hopes of getting these houses made in England, but the trade unions black-listed a firm because of the introduction of piece-work, and you now find it necessary to go abroad for the material. The blocking of any plan calculated to relieve even a small measure of the sufferings of the homeless is not only crassly stupid but cruel, and such trade union tyranny is deplorable. JOHN BULL.

To the Ven. Archdeacon DUNDAS,
Sherborne, Dorset.

REV. SIR,—"The Church," you say, "is the only out-of-date factor in village life to-day." Such an admission from a clergyman of your standing naturally attracts attention, but in truth it does not carry us very far. If the Church is to recover its position and influence, progressive minds among the clergy must go beyond mere criticism, and speak out with courage and honesty in the interests of reform. In short, my dear Archdeacon, you must set your own house in order before you appeal for public sympathy.

JOHN BULL.

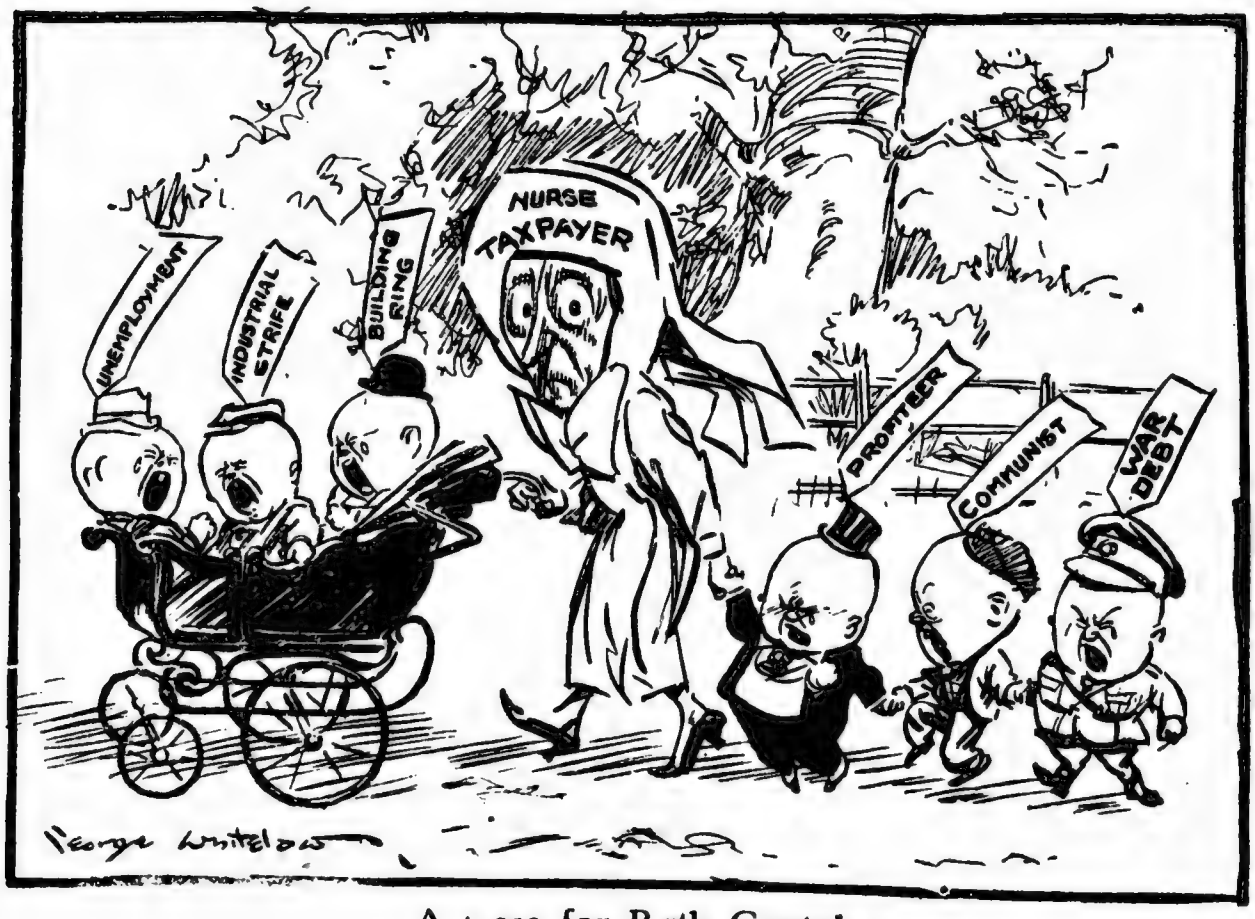
To the CHAIRMAN,
Board of Guardians, Lambeth, S.W.

SIR,—I am afraid your methods would have shocked Mr. Bumble, but they commend themselves to me. Not content with relieving the immediate needs of those who apply to you for assistance, you have established a system for "exploring every avenue where there is a likelihood of finding them employment." Thus at one stroke you are saving the money of the ratepayers, relieving the unemployment fund, and assisting the poor. As compared with the hand-to-mouth methods of most Poor-law authorities you are setting a shining example.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. C. B. LAW,
Cheshunt.

DEAR SIR,—Instead of standing upon the sanctity of the cloth, you boldly say what many parsons must think but lack the courage to utter. If you see a sickly-looking girl you think that rather than pray for her you should pray her mother to keep the bedroom window open night and day, and you would tell the mother of a listless boy suffering from headaches to give him regular meals. I shall expect you to have a good congregation who will hear practical sermons, for you do not expect heaven-sent miracles to patch up human stupidity. JOHN BULL.



A Case for B.rth Contol.

Straight from the Shoulder

LORD MONTAGUE OF BEAULIEU:—"What London wants chiefly is more street space."

And much more common sense in managing the street space she has.

• • •

REV. DR. EDWIN DALTON:—"I don't believe in fiddle faces in church."

And you won't get them when the Church provides an optimistic and healthy outlook upon life.

• • •

SIR P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER:—"I think we shall win through."

If you proceed by harassing industry we don't think you will.

• • •

SIR ARTHUR DUCKHAM:—"This country does not want electricity."

The remark of a Rip Van Winkle unable to face the light.

Without Fear or Favour

SCRAP THE KING'S ROLL!

Queer Justice

ONE of the chief characteristics of politicians is that they can always be trusted to do the wrong thing.

We are not surprised, therefore, that the House of Commons Committee on the Criminal Bill has turned down the proposal to inform poor prisoners before trial of the free legal aid that they can obtain.

We are not surprised; but we are disgusted at the inhumanity displayed and the anti-social frame of mind involved in such a decision.

Legal aid for those too poor to pay for such assistance has been an integral part of our legal system for years. As an elementary act of justice, such a "concession" would commend itself to any reasonable person.

We are not minded to see the legal aid given with one hand taken away by the other.

What on earth is the objection to magistrates telling a needy prisoner committed for trial of the facilities available?

What is the use of having such facilities if all information respecting them is to be withheld?

By what right, by what rule of equity has a panel of lawyers voted down a proposal that would meet with overwhelming approval if it were put to the free vote of the British people?

Fortunately the House of Commons Committee has not got the last say in this matter.

The guardianship of British liberty is vested in the House of Commons itself, and we demand that Parliament shall undo what this Committee has done.

The whole matter is a question, not of politics, but of justice and common sense. Let Parliament see to it.

The First Step

TO abolish the "dole" may not yet be practical politics, though the self-respecting workers of this country will be very glad to see the end of it. What they really want is work, and most people will agree with their criticism that the money out of which the "dole" is paid, and to which they have contributed their share, should be better employed.

If, however, it has to be reduced, and the report of the Cabinet Committee on the matter is translated into action, there will be at least two reductions effected which can scarcely be criticised on any ground of equity. The allowance to an unmarried man will be reduced from 18s. to 15s., and for an unmarried woman from 15s. to 12s. There will also be reductions in the case of married women whose husbands are in employment and of young people whose parents are able to support them.

These, however, are niggardly reductions, involving added suffering to the unemployed. It is a crying scandal that the recipients of the "dole" are not given an opportunity to earn a living wage, instead of being fobbed off with a reduced allowance.

Thirty-six Thousand Tragedies

WE draw attention here to another aspect of our campaign for "Redress for the ex-Soldier." A definite pledge was given to the disabled. It must be honoured in letter and spirit

THE King's National Roll has failed. The scheme, launched by the Coalition Ministry in such high hopes, and whose seal practically every big employer of labour in the country is so proud to display, has proved a bitter disappointment to a huge army of pensioners.

Its object was "to absorb into employment all disabled ex-Servicemen, and to secure, as far as possible, an equitable distribution of such men among the several industries."

Earl Haig, who is devoting his life to the interests of ex-Servicemen

Five years after its inception no fewer than 36,000 men are still waiting for us to discharge our obligations to them. Most of them have lost almost all hope of ever again playing their part in the ordinary life of the community.

Year after year passes to find them knocking in vain at the doors of Industry. They have no prospects other than a penurious existence on pension and "dole."

The chief weakness of the scheme is that, while an employer to qualify must show that 5 per cent. of his staff are disabled men, there is no stipulation as to the degrees of disablement.

"Disablement" is rather an elastic term to the Ministry, and embraces a vast number of men whose earning capacity is not really affected. "Any ex-Serviceman," it is stated, "who has received from the Ministry of Pensions a gratuity for a minor disablement or aggravation of a complaint, and who is adjudged by the local committee to be incapacitated, either wholly or in part, from following his normal occupation," is disabled for the purposes of the Roll.

AS will be seen, therefore, an employer may have his quota of disabled, but among them there need not be a single one who would not have stood as good a chance in the labour market as those of his fellow-workmen who came out of the war unscathed.

The figures speak for themselves. Of the 36,000 unemployed, 16,000 are men who are seriously disabled, and unfitted for anything except a "light job."

Some of them have lost two limbs, or are otherwise on the verge of total incapacity. The stories of these men are all tragedies.

"Will we ever get a chance to win back our self-respect by being able to earn a living wage?" writes one poor limbless fellow whose earnings do not average 5s. per week. "I fully realise that I am only one of many on the industrial scrap-heap, but surely it should be the first duty of the authorities to see that a man does not become indolent through sheer force of circumstances."

"There is a rot trying to set in on me," says another, "and I am struggling to fight it. I have been existing on £1 a week, and no one has ever offered me a job. My last application was for a junior clerkship, but I was turned down even for that."

These letters, typical of thousands on the files of the National Union of Disabled ex-Servicemen, are themselves a damning indictment of the King's Roll.

WE are not suggesting that the employers of labour on the King's Roll have done less than they might have done for the disabled men. The majority of them would have done as much had there been no such appeal.

Is it too much to ask that these disabled men be given suitable employment under special industrial conditions in workshops and factories controlled by the State, and, if need be, subsidised from the public purse?

It is many years since Mr. Bonar Law gave his famous pledge: "The maintenance of men broken in the war shall be the first charge upon the resources of the Empire." Some of us may have forgotten it. There are 36,000 men who have not.

Trickery

IT might be supposed that the terms of an international treaty, entered into with the whole world looking on, would afford a good title to property specifically dealt with therein.

The Treaty of Versailles, when it deals with frontiers and "mandates," is held to be inviolate. Not so by our Government when it comes to honouring the section that makes provision for compensating civilian sufferers from air-raid and other war damage.

We now propose to pin the Government down by the very words of the treaty itself.

"The Allied and Associated Governments require, and Germany undertakes, that she will make compensation for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allied and Associated Powers and to their property," says the treaty.

Could anything be clearer? By what right then is the money received as reparations being devoted to the reduction of the French debt to this country?

We therefore turn again to the Treaty of Versailles, which, in appointing the Reparation Commission — the body intermediate between Germany and her late enemies — required that "the Commission shall not be bound by any particular code, or rules, or law, or by any particular rule of evidence or procedure, *but shall be guided by justice, equity and good faith.*"

We demand that the Government, now that it declines to allow this country to be bound by the treaty—though requiring Germany to be bound by it—shall at least be guided by *the same justice, the same equity, and the same good faith* as was the Reparation Commission, through whom it has received enough or nearly enough money to satisfy the full claim of all civilian War sufferers.

Fair Play for Nurses

THE profession of nursing is one of the noblest to which woman can devote herself, and the public shares with that profession the indignation it feels when the garb of a nurse is degraded by the impostor and the charlatan.

The matter is much more serious when grasping and unscrupulous women, on the fringe of such occupations as massage and manicure, adopt the same garb in order to give their establishments some appearance of position.

Even worse than this is the advantage taken of the nurse's uniform by women of doubtful character, who really belong to the criminal and blackmailing class.

We are, therefore, glad to see that steps have now been taken by which there will shortly be a protected State uniform for nurses, and it will be an offence punishable by law for anybody to wear such a uniform unless properly certificated and trained.

Nurses are to be congratulated on this tardy recognition of the debt owed to them by the community, and we are sure that it will be to them an added pleasure to know that the public approves and appreciates this reform as much as the nurses do themselves.

A Modern Gomorrah

IN London at the present time vices are indulged in which are only paralleled by the history of Sodom and Gomorrah. The fate of these cities will be ours unless the authorities take stern and drastic action

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

The Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Home Secretary, whose strong action is urgently needed in this matter

I HAVE published a book during the last few days which attempts to prove that the causes of our economic sufferings are moral.

In my judgment the paralysis of industry and the menace of financial catastrophe are due to a fashionable way of thinking about life which is contrary to reason, contrary to the visible will of God, contrary also to what we call common decency, and therefore clean contrary to our welfare and prosperity.

In this book I give numerous instances from the lives of rich and poor to prove my point that we are suffering from "a low moral vitality." I did not, however, refer to a very grievous sin in our midst which, I have lately been informed, is growing rapidly and is being very feebly fought against, if at all, by the authorities responsible for law and order.

I refer to it in this place with great unwillingness, but I feel that it is so grave a symptom of moral rottenness that public attention should be called to it, in the hope that the Home Office may be moved by public remonstrance to take up arms against it.

Prisoners or patients?

In these days, thanks to science, we can talk of many matters concerning which our fathers were only able to whisper in secret. We say of certain unspeakable offences that they are "manias," and that those who practise them are "degenerates." We are inclined to hold that these offenders should not be locked up in prison-cells, but should be put in charge of physicians and treated as people are treated who suffer from delusions.

This attitude enables us to discuss with decency many mental aberrations which are abhorrent to a delicate mind; but there is a danger in it, against which those responsible for law and order should continually be on their guard.

Let us begin with the scientific attitude. From the earliest records of history we know that there have been perversions of natural instincts. In the case of men perversion of the natural sex instinct has taken a form which is unthinkable to the normal man.

There have been ages in which this perversion spread like a scourge, and in the East it became at one time so prevalent as to be accepted as perfectly natural. It was common to the ancient Greeks, and when the healthier Romans smashed that once glorious empire to smithereens, it was only the vice-rotted shell of Athens which crumpled up beneath the Italian attack.

Barbarians more masculine

The Romans moved eastward to extend their empire. They conquered Egypt and caught the contagion of Egyptian vice. Because they had fallen victims to Eastern superstitions and perversions, and had become so morally enfeebled in consequence, they were easily overcome by the more masculine barbarians from the West. Those barbarians came chiefly from Germany; and no nation in Europe at the outbreak of the Great War was so smitten with this abhorrent perversion as the Prussians.

We, with the help of our allies, conquered the Germans; and now in London there is an outbreak of this same deadly perversion—a perversion which will surely rot us, too, into ruin, unless we recover our sanity and fight it to the death.

There is a well-known tea-shop and a public-house in Coventry Street, London, where painted and scented boys congregate every day without molestation of any kind, and where they sit with their vanity-bags and their high-heeled shoes, calling themselves by endearing names, and looking out for patrons with no more shame than is displayed by the impudent women who have taken possession of Jermyn Street at night.

Dangerous tolerance

Reports reach me that this vice, which London accepts without a protest, is spreading all over the provinces; and I have been shown papers which very unpleasantly prove that schoolmasters are among its victims.

Now there is a danger in the attitude which science adopts to these dreadful matters. It is an attitude which induces tolerance, and which encourages interest. Natural instinct impels a normal man to hate such perverts, and urges him not to study their psychology, but to smash their heads for them.

I do not suggest that we should follow our natural instincts to this extent, but I do suggest that if the nation entrusts its moral destiny to science, and does not act vigorously upon its natural instincts, we shall as surely perish from moral rottenness as Sodom and Gomorrah, Greece and Rome, perished in ancient times.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the present Home Secretary, is a champion of the Protestant party. The Protestant party is supposed to be distinguished from other religious parties by the emphasis it lays on moral earnestness. Will he tell us that the State can do nothing but look on while the most dangerous vice possible to the brain of man flaunts itself in the public streets with an impudence which is itself a crime against the public order?

Will he tell us that we must trust to education for a cure, and that even if a few schoolmasters are corrupting their pupils with this iniquitous perversion, still we can do nothing until the population is better educated and better housed?

Let me tell him that education and housing have nothing to do with this matter. Men of the highest rank in society are among the known patrons of these "dilly boys." Let me tell him, too, that to prevaricate with this vice is as dangerous as prevarication with cholera germs.

Make a clean sweep

No; if he is worth his salt he will give orders to Scotland Yard to make a clean sweep of so monstrous an iniquity, and encourage the public to go on charging these boys day after day in the police-courts, forcing them to prove how they get their living, until the streets are swept clean of them.

Till the Home Office acts, men who realise the importance of a moral protest against disruptive vice can at least do something to make Coventry Street exceeding unpleasant to creatures who shame the name of England and degrade the face of man.

No symptom of our low moral vitality is so pronounced and so dangerous as the prevalent spirit of apathy which leads men to tolerate evils even of the most destructive character.

Children are born into the world every day whose mothers wish that they had died at birth

DRAT TH

THE National Birth Rate Commission, appointed by the National Council of Public Morals, have solemnly decided that the ideal method of birth control by people like Mr. Bill Sikes, who don't want children and have no means to provide for them, is self-control.

Canon Barnes, a powerful advocate of sane birth control

"Such self-control," they decree, "must be agreed upon by husband and wife, and be carried out in a spirit of service and sacrifice." The British people may not clearly remember when they appointed the National Council of Public Morals, which appointed the National Birth Rate Commission, but they cannot fail to admire and applaud the inspired and dazzlingly luminous solution with which these busybodies have settled one of the most harassing problems of our civilisation. Like all great discoveries, it is beautifully simple. Only let the slum drunkard, the wife-beating ruffian, the bully, the garotter, and the thug agree with their wives to restrict their conjugal relationships to "a spirit of service and sacrifice," and—well, there you are. There will be no more sickly, rickety, diseased, anæmic babies—no more unwanted, unloved children to be cuffed and kicked into prostitution or crime.

It is a positively splendid idea. The only drawback to my joy of it is due to a lingering doubt as to whether it will work. It disconcertingly recalls a story about King Canute and the tide: the king decreed that the sea must stop short at a certain point. By a curious coincidence it didn't. That is a disadvantage which is apt to occur to quite a lot of beautiful thoughts.

THERE are many people besides those of the criminal classes who, for lack of self-control or knowledge, beget children which they cannot afford adequately to feed or clothe. I have a letter before me from a mother of five children. She tells me with affectionate pride of their pretty little ways, their obedience, and their fondness for their parents. But, alas, they have "big appetites," and, the mother plaintively remarks, "we haven't enough food for them."

Her husband earns £3 a week, out of which he gives her £2 15s. When he has paid his trade union dues and bought his tobacco and newspapers, he has about sixpence a week left for luxuries and for the reckless dissipation in which the working classes, according to the superior judgment of their Pall Mall critics, riotously indulge.

When he comes home after his day's work, she says, "he is tired out: he has never said so, but I can see it." He is, according to the woman who

The Murder Pageant

GAY uniforms and brass bands are to camouflage the horror of war into a romantic crusade. The battle-field is to be a garden-party, and the nation is to be committed to another "last" war

by A. G. GARDINER

The Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain, whose Foreign Policy should be directed to the abolition of armaments

WHEN Col. Repington wrote his diary of the war he entitled it "The *First* World War," much as though the slaughter of six million men was the trial performance of a new sort of drama which would take the place of the parochial plays of the past. That is the military view. There's nothing like leather. What are armies for except to make war? And since war is a good thing, the bigger they are the better. Some day perhaps science will enable us to make war on the neighbouring planets, and then life will be really gay.

But meanwhile we have got the killing game on to a world footing. No more pettifogging little scrimmages, but every war a world war, with millions of deaths and tens of millions of broken lives and thousands of millions of debt, and at the end the nice complete wreck we have got at present. And in order to keep our hand in and our blood up, we must keep in practice. We are to have a rehearsal.

Roll on another war!

"Rehearsing the Next War" is the form in which the *Evening Standard* announces the event in its boldest type and most joyous manner. Six weeks of it, with 50,000 troops engaged, with air-fleets and cavalry—yes, cavalry after the experience of the last war: why not bows and arrows?—"caterpillars" and camouflage, tanks and smoke screens, but no mention of poison-gas.

To this great rehearsal of the real thing Petain and other foreign celebrities are coming as guests of the British Government to see how we are shaping for the second world war, and to give us tips and to take away tips. I am not surprised that Labour has protested against this silly clowning of a dirty business.

It is argued in defence of the show that if we have armies they must be trained. Would you have policemen, we are asked, who are not taught their job? But who ever heard of thousands of policemen being mobilised in Hyde Park to practise constabulary duty?

All the routine of discipline is taught in the day's work, and our pre-war experience has shown that these preposterous sham fights are as irrelevant to war as a fancy dress ball.

Romance and rats

They are worse than useless, because, having no reality, they falsify all the conclusions, with the result that when war comes, as we found in 1914, nearly every lesson learned in the sham fight has to be unlearned at vast cost in life and treasure.

What, then, is the purpose of this enormous waste of public money with which we are threatened? It is pure propaganda. It is the idea of popularising the Army and giving fillip to the war spirit.

The romance of war, having been soiled by fifty-two months in rat-infested trenches, is to be restored, and soldiering is to be made pretty again—a brilliant show with no corpses rotting in the sun on barbed wire fences, no poison-gas sending hosts of men shrieking in the delirium of pain, nothing that is not nice and gentlemanly and as far removed from the actualities of war as a garden party.

Is this the only contribution that the Government can make to the problem of ridding the world of the vilest blot upon human nature?

Millions of young Englishmen who have been in the hell of real war for years, and hate and loathe the memory of its foul insanity, demand from their rulers an insurance against the return of that filthy nightmare. They want a Government that will give the world a bold lead in disarmament and peace. They have supped full of the horrors of war and they do not intend to sit at the ghastly feast again or to let their children sit at it. They hate the real thing and they scorn the sham thing.

War to them means poison-gas and barbed wires and shattered limbs, and they resent the insult of decking it out as a gala performance for the amusement of servant-maids and the entertainment of distinguished generals from abroad, who, for anything we know, may be fighting against us in the next world war for which we are supposed to be rehearsing.

And the public share that view. It knows quite well that if another war comes it will be in the fighting line. Sham fights will not teach us how to protect ourselves against the poison-gas that will be the chief weapon of the future.

Drops of distilled death

What that weapon will be like in action may be gathered from the incident that occurred on a French frontier recently. An accidental explosion of liquid chlorine in the railway station led to wholesale poisoning.

"People fell like flies in the streets, hotels and cafés, and motorists and tram-car conductors were overcome. Many victims, with burning eyes and throats, fled screaming with pain to the hospitals . . . Waiters dropped the food and fell writhing to the floor. Some of the visitors (at the hotels) became unconscious at the tables and dogs howled with pain . . . Fifty people remain (in hospital) in a serious condition. . . ."

That sort of thing will not figure in our precious sham fight, but it is the sort of thing which the war of the future will consist of. It will be, above everything else, a competition in poison-gas in which, thanks to the command of the air, the civilian population will be as assailable as the men in the trenches.

In the light of considerations like this, and of all that has happened since 1914, the public does not want to be entertained with sham fights. It wants to know what the Government is doing to rid the world of the whole paraphernalia of that obscene thing called war.

Even "cannon fodder" will turn

Has it lifted a finger to come to an understanding with France which will stop that competition in the air into which we have now definitely entered with our nearest neighbour and late ally? Has it repented of its Singapore enterprise by which it is creating suspicion in the mind of Japan, also our late ally?

Is it helping the League of Nations, of which Mr. Baldwin is such an enthusiastic advocate, to establish a solid peace foundation for Europe, or is it, through Mr. Chamberlain and the Foreign Office, doing its utmost to reduce it to a dead letter?

If its answer is to be gathered from the sham fight with which it proposes to insult the memories of the last ten years it will discover there is a spirit abroad among the "cannon fodder" of this country which will make a surprising retort when the moment comes.

HAT BRAT!

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

knows him, "the best father in the world, a most unselfish man. He does the best he can for his children, and we should be one of the happiest families alive if only we could buy them enough milk, bread and potatoes." Meat is ignored as being outside the range of imaginable possibilities.

"But it is hard for us to have these children," my correspondent continues, "and not be able to give them enough nourishing food. If we had only one child we could manage nicely. But they came in hungry last Thursday tea-time, and when I had given them two slices each, the eldest boy asked for another slice, please, and I had to say 'No, dear, if I give you any more there won't be any left for your father,' so they had to go to bed hungry."

THE father, who is a railway worker, has had 32s. a week taken off his wages since the railways amalgamated, and in the week when the last surviving baby was born, in 1921, his income was reduced by 16s. There was another baby born last August, but, the mother says, "Thank God, it died at birth. *I wanted it to die for the other children's sake.*"

When the man's wages dropped, he remarked to his mates that it was hard on him, as he had a wife and five children to keep, whereupon they, three of them unmarried and two of them married without children, retorted: "You shouldn't have children; the company can't help that."

I could go on quoting, for the whole letter is instinct with that simplicity of truth which is the highest form of literary eloquence. It is a characteristic document—characteristic of the lives of thousands of wage-earners.

WHEN one has read it, one wonders what benefit the National Birth Rate Commission or the National Council of Public Morals has to offer to such people. Is not their service and sacrifice great enough already? Their need is not increase of renunciation, but curtailment of sorrow.

The National Birth Rate Commission's advice to such women is idle talk. What these poor underfed mothers need to learn is how to control the birth of their children so that they shall never have cause to regret the starving and stunting of one through the coming of another, and never know the tragedy of rejoicing over the death of an unwanted baby.

That is a "sacrifice" that no woman should be allowed to bear. No moral or religious creed is served by the infliction of that anguish. The propaganda of birth control, as we know, is open to abuse, but at its worst it can produce no evil more pitiful than the birth of children whose mothers would rather see them dead than alive.

If we cannot afford to endow motherhood with the means of feeding the children, we certainly cannot afford to go on breeding them in the hope that they will die.

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THIS famous product, made in London and untouched by hand from beginning to end, is really made from fresh Messina lemon juice and white cane sugar.

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New Feature

THE SUNNY SIDE

"So Shines a Good Deed in a Naughty World"

JUST as the darkest of life's clouds are blue-shot with the promise of sunlit hours, so also are the commonplace paths transformed and transfigured by kindly acts and gracious gestures. Rising above the welter of sordid and sinful passions are the minute but magnificent impulses for good that make the world sweeter and more fragrant.

There is, for example, the case of Mrs. Jones, a widow of St. John's Wood, who, despite the fact that she has to fight the battle of life for herself and three fatherless children, has a grand instinct for true selfless charity. The Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Thorn, who sends us the facts, adds that, as a school manager and Children's Care Committee worker, she can testify to many similar instances.

"Recently I called on Mrs. Jones," writes the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Thorn, "and I found that she had taken in and cared for a young girl who was 'in trouble,' and who had been turned out of home by her parents, living in the near neighbourhood, because of the disgrace.

"The kindness and charity shown by Mrs. Jones, whose own poverty was every excuse for her to 'pass by on the other side,' has taught me a lot."

AND all over the country there are to be found brave, humble people, heroes and heroines in homespun, who ease life's burdens for others and scatter the sunbeams of a sweetened spirit into the gloomy places and the darkened hearts of the world. Mrs. Martha Meines, of 51, St. John's Park, Holloway, testifies to the truth of this.

"On Saturday night I was shopping in Holloway," she writes, "and in a packed greengrocer's shop I found a young woman fumbling awkwardly with her purse, evidently in great distress. The cry went round, 'She's lost a pound note!'

"Presently a poor, wan little woman pushed through the crowd and stretched out a toil-worn hand holding a grimy note. ''Ere y'are, my gal, I picked it up out in the street!' Before she could be thanked she had disappeared in the throng.

"I could not help feeling that it required real nobility of character to resist the temptation to keep the money, for the finder was obviously in very poor circumstances, and no one would ever have known."

HELP us to light the Sunshine Trail by sending us stories of kind actions, unselfishness and self-sacrifice that would otherwise be passed by. For each case printed we will award half-a-guinea. Mark your envelopes "Sunny Side."

DEEP-ROOTED in the breast of every man born of woman is some spark of good and nobility; it is fanned into a blaze by the winds of misfortune and adversity. This reveals itself in all kinds of strange ways, and one of the strangest and yet noblest is recounted by a working man's wife in the North.

"I am a working-man's wife, living in a four-roomed cottage. I am the mother of four bonny bairns. The eldest is a bright girl of eleven years, and she is my own, yet not my own.

"My husband has a sister who had been married something like twenty-five years without having any family. She tried several times to adopt a child, but never succeeded. Like so many other childless wives, her love for children was intense.

"When my second little girl arrived, my firstborn was still a baby not yet two. Knowing full well the cause of his sister's decline, my husband and I talked matters over and decided that our eldest should be given to her aunt.

"Of course, when it became known many people said I must be a poor mother to give away my own flesh and blood. They did not understand the motive. It was just to send a little ray of sunshine into a darkened home.

"Two other babies came to bless us, and I have now a girl of nine, a little boy of five, and a girl of three. I feel the happiest mother on earth, even when I hear my first baby call some one else 'mother,' and me, the woman who bore her, 'auntie.' I would not change places with the wealthiest lady in the land, for my home possesses what money cannot purchase, love and contentment, the two things that change earth to heaven."

THIS particular section of JOHN BULL is our Sunshine Corner; the bright, kindly and noble acts are recorded and will refute the sneers of the cynic who pretends to believe that the heart of man is naturally and instinctively base. We believe that the heart of man is naturally noble.

Tell the world everything you know to prove this. Make the world grow brighter by turning the sunny side of life to view. The obscure incidents of nobility and kindliness will do more to correct any bias to badness in the world than all the sermons preached.

The Sentence of the Court

Prudes on the Prowl

Stiggins by the Sea

CARRYING a telescope and a camera, ex-Councillor Donald Clark pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of using threatening language.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., put in as an exhibit a newspaper containing an interview with the accused regarding Dean Inge's suggestion that portions of sea-side beaches should be set aside for sun-bathing. After describing the Dean's idea as "fantastic," the accused recalled his 1922 crusade against mixed bathing, and voiced the fearsome threat: "In view of Dean Inge's suggestions, which appear to me to be a huge moral menace, I must resume my self-imposed task."

"Such threats," said Mr. Watchdog, "will not be tolerated by a liberty-loving community, and I must ask the Court to make it plain that our beaches are not a happy stunting-ground for any peripatetic Chadband anxious to gain a place in the limelight by depriving holiday-makers of a place in the sun. When this 'Clark' first started auditing 'figures' and multiplying the result by his own vivid imaginings he was regarded as a joke; now, however, he threatens to become a chestnut, and a cracked one at that.

"DEAN INGE'S idea was that screens should be provided to conceal those who wished to sun-bathe, but this Tonbridge super-censor announces that umbrellas would also be necessary as a protection from 'the prying eyes of passengers in passing aeroplanes,' a statement which leaves me wondering how it is that this reincarnation of Stiggins has not suggested the wearing of overcoats and gas-masks by sea-bathers to protect them from the prying eyes of pilchards!"

Mr. Strawsplitter said that his client had always opposed anything likely to rob woman of her "aura of mystery." This was why he had tried to suppress bathing-costumes which resembled either a deed of separation or a decree knees-high. Being convinced that the serpent which caused so much trouble in the Garden of Eden was a sea-serpent, ex-Councillor Clark had tramped many miles of beaches in the interests of public morality, and if any attempt were made to popularise sun-bathing he would once again take up his beachcombing activities.

"THE prisoner's knowledge of his fellow-citizens," said Mr. Justice Bull, "must be confined to the fantastic reflections of them he sees in his own 'peer' glass, for he seems to think that they are such slaves to prurient curiosity that they would charter special aeroplanes to spy on those enjoying a touch of the sun. With his own spy-glass and sand 'shoos' this Tonbridge crusader did his worst to depopulate the beaches, and now, apparently, he is shocked to find that Britons not only rule the waves, but waive the rules which he enjoined them to observe.

"The sentence of the Court is that the prisoner be warned off the marine parade for four days or the duration of summer, whichever period should prove the longer."

How to Keep Well

The Blamed Liver

by A Wimpole Street Physician

MELANCHOLIA, or black bile, was the name that the ancient Greeks gave to feelings of depression.

Even to-day we blame the unoffending liver for that out-of-sorts feeling—depression of spirits, headache, loss of appetite, disinclination for work, irritability—that is due in reality to the absorption into the blood of poisons from the stagnant bowel.

The cause of it is very often merely bad training in childhood.

Children should be trained to go to the lavatory at least once every day at a regular hour, whether they are inclined or not.

A quarter of an hour to half an hour after breakfast is probably the best time; otherwise at a similar interval after another meal or meals.

An unsuitable dietary is another common cause of this trouble.

Fluids should not be drunk along with meals, but as the body requires a considerable amount of fluid daily, drinks should be taken in the morning or half an hour before meals.

The bowel also seems to require certain articles of food which stimulate its movements, such as green vegetables, fruit, and oatmeal.

Daily exercise is another necessity, but the regular taking of aperients is to be avoided.

If they must be taken, a mild saline aperient, such as "fruit salts," or one containing sulphate of soda, in a good deal of water, in the morning, is best; or a small dose, gradually lessened, of senna, cascara, or liquid paraffin, at bedtime.

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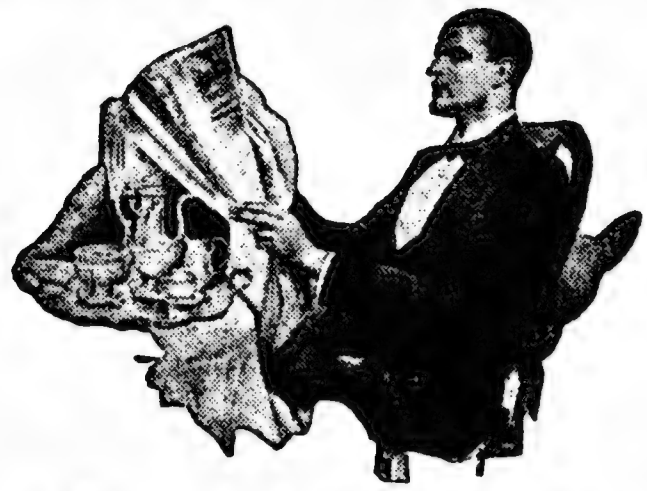

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Men are everywhere saying that these adverts. of ours won the millions to Palmolive Shaving Cream.

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This Cream's success—a business sensation—is due to the Cream itself. The qualities that win were worked out in the laboratory. We made up 130 formulas before we attained a Shaving Cream like this.

Ask for this free test. Words could not make men give up their former soaps for this. Shave ten times in this delightful way and learn why men adopt it.

Do this because millions have just found a way to new and amazing delights. Do it in justice to yourself, in kindness to us.

Cut out the coupon and post it.

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P.1666 J.B. June 13

Stimulants and Uric Acid

Many people feel the need of a little stimulant, but find that this brings them Uric Acid troubles with the symptoms of Gouty or Uric Acid Dyspepsia, which may, or may not, be accompanied by twinges of pain.

These troubles can be avoided by dropping one or two Bishop's Varalettes into the whisky and soda taken before going to bed. The result will be apparent in the brisk alertness you will feel next morning. There will be none of the digestive disturbances, the depression, the heaviness and unfitness for the day's work which are often experienced next morning when Uric Acid-forming stimulants are partaken of. They cause mischief simply because they make more uric acid than your system knows what to do with. Similarly there are foods we sedulously avoid in our ordinary daily diet because we have found by painful experience that they do not agree with us. But there are occasions—dinners, banquets, etc.—when one can scarcely avoid departing from the rule, and Uric Acid punishment invarably follows unless Bishop's Varalettes are taken.

If you have to take stimulants, take one or two Varalettes the last thing at night and avoid after effects.

As a remedy for rheumatism, gout, and all Uric Acid disorders, Varalettes are unequalled. So confident are we of their efficacy that we will refund the 7s. paid for a 25 days' treatment if no relief is obtained after following the directions. Just write and send us the 7s. size wrapper.

Bishop's Varalettes can be had of all chemists, prices 3s. and 7s., or post free from the makers, Alfred Bishop, Ltd., 50, Spelman Street, London, E. 1.

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FINISHED AT FORTY!

IS life finished for men and romance dead for women of forty! That is the problem that faces the middle-aged

by Professor HENRY MORDAN, B.Sc.

WHY is it that for most people the real joy of life seems to go out of them when they attain the age of forty or forty-five? Why is this particularly so in the case of women? These are questions that readers have asked me since my recent article.

I have yet to learn that it is the case—whether in men or women. My experience in life has shown me that the average normal individual has a greater zest for life and living once he or she has *passed* the age mentioned. They have seen through the shams of life, have lost many of the rose-tinted illusions of passionate youth, and are capable at last of meeting existence squarely.

Moreover, they are at an age when many of their biggest troubles and trials have been left safely behind them, when the pains and heartaches and disappointments of this crowded existence have been pigeon-holed in their memory, sometimes to be thought about, sometimes to be wept over a little, but never again to be seriously considered.

Our best workers

They are at the age when selfishness has gone. Their own fight for success has been won or lost, their own ambitions have been dimmed, and they are able to think and act wholeheartedly for others. Usually they are fathers and mothers, and their biggest interest in life is their children.

Instead of a man or woman being "too old at forty," I say seriously that they are then at the best time in life. They are dependable. Their characters have been moulded in the storm of years. They are the best workers we have!

I say that, of course, only from the point of view of character and dependability. It would be absurd to pretend that physically they are capable of holding their own with the younger generation. Nor have they the "push" and the "hustle" of the young. But they have a something that only age can give, and it is a something that wise employers recognise.

A few years ago some misguided employers, forgetful of the years that many of their old employees had struggled and slaved to pay dividends to the shareholders, took it into their heads that they were not getting a good enough "return" from the men and women over forty.

G. Bernard Shaw, now 69, but who won't be too old even at 100

"Too old at forty" became the parrot-cry of the short-sighted, who wanted to clear out the middle-aged, exploit the energy and strength of the young, and throw them also on the scrap-heap when they reached the fateful age. The men and women who had given the best years of their life to the iron machine were heartlessly thrown out into the gutter.

Profit-making machines

Even to-day there are employers foolish enough to think that their forty-year-old workers are just a bit of a nuisance, and that more profit could be made by getting rid of them, but the majority, I believe, have learned sense after a bitter and undignified experience.

They should know that these men and women are *too good at forty* to be dispensed with!

I have known "old" men and women of forty who were dismissed some years ago because they were "no use." To-day they are back in their former jobs—working for bigger salaries than before.

Not long ago in the columns of JOHN BULL a woman complained that romance was finished for her when she was forty. I was interested enough in the subject to note with appreciation the replies of many of her sisters on the question. *They* weren't finished with romance at forty. They were finding it in work, in play, in children, in husband, and in life generally.

They had discovered that much-vaunted youth is the time of trouble and tribulation, of indecision and delusion, of penury and prudery—and they were glad to be safe in the haven of happy middle age.

Ex-wage slaves

Physically they were better than ever they had been in their lives before. They were better fitted to face the future. They looked back with horror at the weakness of themselves at twenty. Twenty years more experience counts a lot with a man and woman!

They knew that they weren't mere wage-slaves, but that their work and energy and thinking powers were necessary to the men who run the machine that gives us all our living. All of them, true, weren't satisfied that they were getting a satisfactory return for the hours and the years they worked, but they saw light ahead in the progress that is being made in recognising the worker as a co-partner in business.

Yes, they were quite glad to be forty!

Glorious youth is all right as subject matter for a novel or a motion picture. But there is still very much hope for our decrepit and done cripples of forty and forty-five!

The Truth About Poplar

THERE is no revolution in Poplar because there is no destitution.

by EDGAR LANSBURY,
Mayor of Poplar.

THE common notion that Poplar is a hotbed of revolutionary sentiment is common humbug. Poplar might easily have been the starting point of revolution years ago when men, fresh from the war, with pæons of praise sounding in their ears and with medals for valour and gallantry still on their breasts, turned up in Poplar to look for that steady employment and those beautiful houses which were to be the proof of the nation's gratitude.

Now that the pæons of praise have died away, now that the handshakes of the mighty are but a memory, now that medals and trophies have been sold or pawned for food, there is still time for the Government to force a revolution.

Thus there are possibilities of revolution in Poplar as there are elsewhere. But the conditions of revolution are not made by guardians or councillors.

GENERALLY speaking, the guardians of Poplar are quiet, law-abiding men. They understand the difficulties which confront working people and are specially adapted for acting as guardians of the poor.

They are not guardians of the rates; they understand little of finance. They know that hungry children must be fed and that the sick must be succoured. They will not accept the financiers' notion that before doing this work they should consult their bank balance. In other words, they reckon human life before property.

The work done by the Poplar Council is concerned with bread and butter, and only indirectly through bread and butter with revolution. To pay £4 a week to a labourer is not revolutionary; to give milk and medicinal help to babies and the mothers is not revolutionary; to extend municipal baths and washhouses, so that people may be clean in their persons and wear cleanclothes, is not revolutionary.

IT is not revolutionary so to organise the public health work of a borough as to halve the death-rate and the rate of infantile mortality.

Again, the fact that in the poorest borough of London you cannot see swarms of children without boots or without reasonably decent clothes, and the fact that men and women do not die of starvation and that the bodily condition of the children is 50 per cent. better than it was five years ago—none of these facts are signs of revolution.

If they prove anything, it is that some small progress (whether permanent or worth while we will not argue for the moment) may be registered in the conditions of life of the people even to-day, when the means of life are in the hands of employers and capitalists, who are, after all, the effective rulers of the country.

If capitalism can afford to maintain the people, whether in work or out of work, in reasonably decent conditions, then capitalism will survive. If it cannot pay this price, capitalism will die. I do not say that this is good or bad.

In Poplar these facts have been realised. During elections, the Labour people set forth their programmes simply and clearly. After elections, they try to put their programmes into operation. Their programmes are concerned with houses, food and clothing, and with the general care of the sick and the destitute.

I know that this will be disappointing to those who have been led to think of Poplar as the revolutionary centre of England, and of Poplar guardians as the embodiment of the Communist idea.

THE most important work of Poplar's Labour guardians and councillors is that the people have been shown clearly that they can change the conditions of their own lives through the means of local governing bodies.

They know that if they interest themselves in their own local affairs, they can within limits fashion local conditions.

From this it is a short step to a realisation of the fact that, by organisation and work, the affairs of the whole country could be fashioned according to the desires of the people as a whole.

When this knowledge and realisation are nation-wide then the day of the only revolution worth while will be at hand.

No 4. of a series by the famous French Animal Caricaturist, R. de la Nézière.

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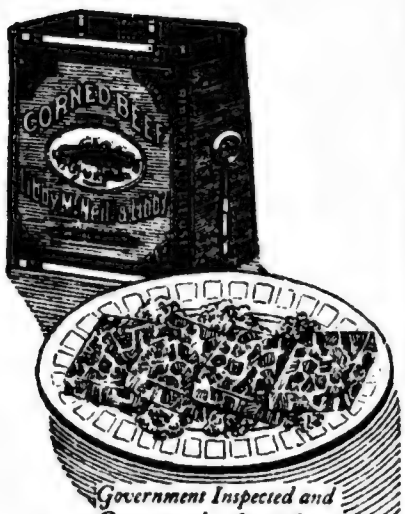

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C B 7

Words Winged to Women

Battle for the Babies

Repairing War's Ravages

by Mrs. ARTHUR PHILLIPS

IN a corner devoted to the interests of the home no apology need be made for speaking again and again of the welfare of the babies. The whole subject has so many aspects, and each of them must necessarily be of absorbing interest to women. Moreover, we are apt to overlook the fact that every turn of the political wheel brings to the surface a vast crop of entirely new problems affecting the nation's children.

So we do not hesitate to call life a battle for the babies, though it may reflect little to the credit of our modern civilisation to do so.

In a comfortable and well-appointed home babies are largely fenced from harm by parental love. Everything that science has discovered or medical knowledge advanced may be brought to their upbringing. But that only a certain percentage of babies have these advantages is made more than abundantly clear by a study of vital statistics. Overcrowding, poverty, unemployment, have all their reflex action upon the babies.

Born only to die

Too many of the babies die in infancy. The most significant fact of all is that where the babies are illegitimate the death-rate is highest. The number of deaths amongst illegitimate children can only be described as terrible.

Moralising about the situation is not within the scope of this article. The babies are here. The difficulties of obtaining employment and the shortage of houses are increasing the problem, but there is no sound reason why the babies should pay for our terrible mismanagement of social conditions.

Few people realise the desperate position of a young mother who, with a child to support, must find work and leave the little one to be looked after by others. As a mere study in economics her case presents an insoluble difficulty. Before the war it was possible to get children boarded out with reputable foster-mothers at a charge as low as 5s. per week. Now foster-mothers are practically unobtainable.

Existing hostels for unmarried mothers and their babies are quite inadequate to meet the demand, and in many cases the mother's work precludes her from living with her child, and her only alternative is adoption. To meet these cases a Foster Home at Hampstead was started some two years ago by myself and other lady residents.

Capt. G. E. W. Bowyer, M.P., who has introduced the Illegitimacy Bill now before Parliament

Medical experts tell us of the dire results of unfavourable conditions during the first five years of life. It is obvious that defective nutrition during this time must have a most injurious effect even on a normal child, and only healthy children are accepted in the Hampstead home. If a large part of the benevolent efforts now given to remedying this want of care in early life were concentrated on *improving* its conditions, we should be rendering the truest national service.

This is why the new effort established at Hampstead is mentioned here. Mothers will make a payment towards their baby's keep, and we shall do all in our power to help unmarried mothers to find work. Moreover, we shall co-operate in any means taken to bring pressure on the fathers of the babies to assist in their maintenance.

Parental care and responsibility will be fostered in every way, and wherever possible parents will be encouraged to make a home in which they may together assume full responsibility towards their offspring and bring it up themselves.

Creed of convention

A new and better attitude towards the unmarried mother and her child is evidenced by the Illegitimacy Bill now before Parliament. Behind every fresh legislative effort there is a good deal of public thinking, but perhaps women especially, in their love of established order, and fear of seeming to give way on the conventions, have not given to the unmarried mother all the sympathy and help she so sorely stands in need of.

Look at it nationally. We stand at the crossways. We are suffering from the effects of the greatest war in history. We stand aghast at the wastage of human life.

Our first task in the reconstruction of a devastated world is to safeguard the rising generation. Here is a way in which all women may help, for money is needed. The Foster Home is one small, practical beginning. If all the women who love little children worked together on these lines the battle of the babies would be won.

The Woman's Corner

Business-Like Business Girls

Reply to a Male Critic

ANY and every question affecting the welfare of business girls will be dealt with here by Margaret Donaldson. You may write to her freely concerning your difficulties, and know that your confidence is respected

I AM so much an admirer of our trim, up-to-date working girls, and they are so indispensable in the business world, that it gives me quite a shock whenever I hear them coming in for adverse criticism. "I work among a number of others, as typist in a busy City office," writes a reader, "and some of us have been wondering what proportion of our income we are justified in devoting to clothes. Please give us your opinion and advice about this."

Now, before I take up this very important question, I must quote from another letter I have received, this time from a man. He asks me not to refer to him, even by initials, but I quote his words because I know him, and believe him quite sincere in what he says.

HE is in a responsible position in offices employing hundreds of clerks, a large proportion of whom, naturally, are girls. This man doesn't like it. He says that girls do not take the same interest in their work, and study to rise, as men do, because they think chiefly of the time when they will marry and find release from business routine. "And," adds he, with a fine masculine dismissal of the subject, "they work and *dress* with that object in view. And there's an end of it!"

But it is not the end of it. It is not even a sensible beginning, for my man correspondent is elderly and old-fashioned, and does not view the business world from the modern standpoint.

He began business when women clerks were practically unknown, and he doesn't like the way in which girls have practically captured a large part of the business world for their own. I shouldn't wonder if, in his inmost heart he wouldn't rather see all his clerks with quill pens behind their ears rather than hear them tapping typewriters!

As for the allegation that girls do not concentrate on their work and seek to rise in the business, it simply is not true. The valued and confidential secretaries in the business world of to-day almost everywhere are women. And, believe me, they did not gain the positions they hold by giving anything less than their whole attention to the work entrusted to them.

AS to dress, really so much depends on circumstances. It is not possible to make an arbitrary rule. Some business girls carry on their slender shoulders such a load of home responsibilities that it is marvellous how they contrive to put up a smart appearance at all.

Each case must be decided upon its merits, and what with one girl would be extravagance might in another be merely necessary and reasonable expenditure.

It is absurd, in these days, to suggest that girls dress merely with a view to man-catching. A certain standard of dress and up-to-dateness goes with efficiency. I even know of cases where, along with a rise in position and increase in salary, the girl has received a plain hint that better dressing was required, as the firm looked for a decent appearance amongst its employees.

MY correspondent will hardly need reminding that there is in some girls a talent for dressing well and looking nice on a modest allowance. There is an art in shopping. Advertisements should be studied and certainly advantage should be taken of the bargain offers constantly being made by the big stores.

If the selective faculty is brought into being I think a girl need only spend on clothes what will leave her a comfortable margin to put a little by each week towards the future—whether there lies ahead an ambitious business path or just a little house o' dreams.

Other readers have propounded questions relating to hours of work, overtime, and, very important indeed, what facilities are offered the business girl in lodgings to find pleasant companionship and recreation in her "off" hours. These will be dealt with in due course.

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Haman Documents

A Wife on the Shelf

An Interloping Mother—Visitor Who Tarries—Worrying a Widow

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"MINE is just a woman's problem. Some people would laugh and say I make mountains out of molehills, but to me it is tragedy.

"I am in the early forties—tragic age for any woman—youth gone, children growing up, husband grown indifferent. Life seems full of heartache.

"I have four children, two boys and two girls. My eldest girl is twenty-one. She has lots of girl friends. I am fond of them. I have a special tenderness for girls, those precious lives so easily ruined. Well, she brings her chums home, where I always make them welcome.

"But here's the misery. My husband, who is five years my senior, is a handsome man, with a weakness for the opposite sex. He cannot or will not realise that in flirting with his daughter's friends he is behaving like a cad, and a bad-mannered one, too.

"THE whole thing is so humiliating. My daughter resents her father lowering himself to the status of a frivolous youth. She hates to see her girl friends gush and play the 'vamp' with her father. I feel sick with shame. I am treated with indifference by my husband when these young girls are here. I feel heartbroken about it. If I venture to protest, I am accused of insane jealousy. God knows I am not jealous without cause.

"THREE times a friendship has been broken off because of my husband's flirting, and now I learn that one of the girls is in the habit of meeting him and walking home with him from business. I have had to speak before of his familiarity with this young girl. I begged him for her sake to treat her with reserve. A girl's heart is a queer thing, and if she becomes infatuated she hasn't much sense of honour where a handsome man is concerned.

"I feel bitter and contemptuous towards him. Why should my peace of mind and my children's always be upset by him? He's *mine*, and I hate sharing him. There is no tragedy so hopeless as that of a middle-aged woman who loves too intensely."

"Humanist" says:—*Your husband's conduct is, of course, indefensible, but he may not realise the pain it gives you. Such men are easily led and hardly driven, and you cannot hope to reclaim his love while you harbour bitterness and contempt in your own heart. It may be a forlorn hope, but try courting him again, and he may see that he is grasping at shadows and losing the reality. If you are harsh you may repel him irretrievably.*

"I AM a girl turned twenty, engaged as an attendant at a cinema. I am happy enough at my work, which occupies me until half-past ten at night, but my life at home in the day time is made miserable by the worse than inconsiderate treatment of my parents and my brothers and sisters.

A Cinema Cinderella

"I have to do all the housework of the family, which I would not mind if I got just a little kindness in return, but I never seem to be able to do enough to please them or to do anything right. Hard words and often cruel blows are my only reward, and things have come to such a pass that my life seems scarcely worth living.

"My only comfort is the love and sympathy of the young man to whom I am engaged. As if they knew this, and were determined to deprive me of it, my people do everything in their power to make things difficult for us. We have not many opportunities of seeing each other, except when I leave the cinema at night and he sees me safely home, but on the few occasions when I have been free and he has come to the house he has been made so uncomfortable by sneers about me and himself, even my little brother being encouraged to insult us, that he does not care to come at all.

"My sisters, who stay out late at dances several times a week and are allowed to do as they please, are neither of them engaged, and I think perhaps they are jealous.

"We are not quite ready to marry, and I wish you could advise me how to carry on a little longer. The continual spitefulness of my sisters and the cruelty of my parents are ruining my health."

"Humanist" says: *You should stand up for yourself more. There is no reason why you should stay in the house and be ill-treated if you are earning enough to support yourself. I do not like to counsel a girl to leave her home, but you should tell your people you will do so if they do not show you more consideration.*

"TWO years ago I met a young woman during a sea-side holiday, and we grew very fond of each other. We corresponded, and she invited me to visit her at her home in London.

An Uncomfortable Rivalry

"I did so, and at once landed myself on the horns of an extraordinary dilemma. Her mother, a widow of attractive appearance and still of marriageable age, apparently fell in love with me, and in her anxiety to capture me for her second, went to the extent of telling me that her daughter was practically engaged to some one else, and that I should not build any hopes in that direction. I afterwards discovered that this was pure invention on the mother's part.

"Later my work took me abroad, and ever since I have been in the peculiar position of receiving ardent love-letters from both mother and daughter. I have told the mother that I cannot reciprocate her feelings, but she is very persistent.

"I love the daughter very dearly, and feel assured of her love and complete devotion. I look forward to marrying her as soon as I return home, but if I tell her, or if she finds out, her mother's deception, I am afraid there will be trouble between them, and perhaps for me as well. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says: *If the mother will not accept your assurance that her infatuation is hopeless, tell her you will have to explain it to the daughter. Her self-respect will probably cause her to abandon her designs rather than be humiliated in that way. If not, you must tell and trust to the daughter's love not to blame you for what is not your fault. If the matter should result in a little estrangement between mother and daughter no great harm will be done in the circumstances.*

"SOME time ago I visited an old acquaintance, a girl who had the misfortune to become an unmarried mother. She is living in very poor and cheerless surroundings, and the world is usually so hard and unfeeling in its treatment of such girls that I am anxious to show her every possible kindness.

Yearning for Sympathy

"Lately, however, she has taken to calling on us continually, and while there is nothing wrong in her behaviour, she never seems ready to go back home, and her presence is sometimes rather inconvenient. She lives a few miles away, and it is a lonely road late at night, but though we have offered to pay her fare, on several occasions she has declined it and invited herself to stay the night.

"My husband is sympathetic, and I know that our home is much more comfortable than her poor lodgings, and perhaps she means no harm, but we have been so happy in our married life that I dread the mere possibility of anything or any one coming between us to spoil it. What do you advise?"

"Humanist" says: *The girl is probably simply yearning for sympathy and companionship, which, in the circumstances, no doubt she badly needs. If you ask her gently not to prolong her visits there is no reason why she should take offence.*

May and December

"My young brother, twenty-three years of age, has become infatuated with a woman twenty-four years his senior. He actually talks of marrying her soon, and as she has money of her own, there is no financial barrier. Do you think such a marriage can bring happiness?"

"Humanist" says: *I do not, and I feel sure that if he would only wait a few years he would realise the unwisdom of such an ill-assorted union. Stop it if you possibly can.*

A Question of Name

"I am really an illegitimate son, but my parents married after I was born and I was baptised in my father's name. Would it be wrong of me to marry in that name, without telling my fiancée the circumstances of my birth?"

"Humanist" says:—*What little wrong there was has long since been set right, and I see no reason why you should worry your wife-to-be with the matter. Your marriage will be perfectly legal.*

Heart and Conscience

"Two men wish to marry me. I know which I love, and he satisfies all my ideals of what a husband should be. But, though we are both Christians, we differ on a religious matter. Can you advise?"

"Humanist" says:—*It seems a pity that such a difference should hinder you from marrying your ideal husband. Such a man's religion cannot be a bad one, and you should be able to reconcile heart and conscience.*

Spying Spinsters

"A recently published article has perturbed me regarding my visits to comfort and cheer a war widow. There are many spying spinsters in this place, and as I am a bachelor I fear lest she should lose her pension. Should I cease my visits?"

"Humanist" says: *Certainly not. Fear nothing so long as you do not exceed the bounds of friendship. Pensioned widows must not be made outcasts from human sympathy, and* JOHN BULL *will at once expose any victimisation of the sort you refer to.*

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Our Letter Parliament

The Tragedy of the "Dole"

Sensible Socialism—Deathblow to Strikes—Wake Up, G.P.O.!

Back to the Land

If all the unemployed were to unite and demand the Government to fulfil its promises at the last election it might wake it up. Scheme after scheme has been outlined but nothing is done. While millions of money is paid every year in "dole," thousands of acres of land stand idle that might be cultivated with very little expense, but it needs capital to start.—*Willing Worker, Radnor.*

Revive the Old Spirit

Much has been written about the alleged "ca' canny" policy of the British worker, but is every employer doing all he can to obtain business? Too many of the leaders of industry were quite efficient when trade was brought to their doors, but they show a pitiable lack of initiative now enterprise is necessary. What is required in the present difficult period is the spirit of the old merchant adventurers.—*R. T. Cooper, Ipswich.*

Labour Exchange Methods

Is it not time that applicants for unemployment benefit were protected against the hardships of the inexplicable decisions given by local unemployment committees? In this great centre of the textile industry every firm is working short time, yet textile operatives are refused benefit because they cannot find regular work. The official version is "not looking for regular employment."—*Bottom Dog, Bradford.*

Women Retained

Why are women retained at the Ministry of Pensions, Acton, while ex-Service men are being dismissed? The ex-Servicemen's union is constantly faced with this grievance, but is unable to do anything in the matter, because the Government have the whip hand every time.—*C. C. Harrison, Shepherd's Bush.*

The Willing Heart

Can one justly blame the employer for his failure to employ discharged ex-Servicemen, when, in business, efficiency is the standard set for the employee? Could we expect 100 per cent. efficiency from someone maimed through no fault of his own? No matter how willing the heart may be, the impossible could not be done. Therefore why blame the employers when we still employ an inactive Government. — *Percival W. Thorpe, Sheffield.*

Armaments or Trees

During the war the plantations of this country were cut down to supply our pits with timber. To-day the men who won the war are walking the roads looking for work. Still there is not a word about replanting those plantations. Instead of spending millions of pounds on armaments, why not spend some on afforestation. Thousands of tons of timber arrive in this country every year from foreign parts, which shows that they must be replanting, or else they could not keep up the supplies.—*T. P., Swansea.*

Don't Despair

Whilst facing the prospects of the present time one is apt to become too pessimistic, but on making a retrospective survey of life generally, things that are now gloomy appear more encouraging. To a great many the spectre of continued unemployment and poverty is the "only hope for years to come," but surely it is possible to still see through the mist. The present crisis is making a "backward move" for a more effective progress. The time of need is the time of greatest opportunity.—*Thanc, Merthyr.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Oil the Lubricant

Many coal mines are closing down, others work half-time, and wages are below the cost of living. The remedy is to erect plant to extract the oils, etc. The mines could work full time, find work for the unemployed, and be independent of foreign oil. This plan would be resisted by oil investors, but the welfare of the nation must come first.—*F. E. H., Wrexham.*

We Want Houses

The money we are spending on doles to subsidise idleness would be much better spent on work. Sir Alfred Mond cites the steel industry, and shows how it would create employment in subsidiary industries. The same thing applies to house-building, and we want houses.—*Fed Up, Longridge.*

The Better Way

Two thousand men would draw, in dole, £1,800 in one week. It takes at least 2,000 men to produce, in the same length of time, 3,500 tons of steel rails. If the Government were to guarantee to the steel rail manufacturer £1,800 for every week he employed 2,000 otherwise dole-drawing men, the quotation price for that material could be cheapened by 10s. 3d. per ton. Which is the better way?—*Humble Bee, Cumberland.*

The Miner's Lot

I am a miner, and I have to walk 1¼ miles underground before commencing work. When I reach the coal face I have to get coal at 3s. 7d. per ton. Out of this I pay all stoppages, union, check-weigher, pick-sharpening, health and out-of-work insurance, lamps, tools, etc., and share the 3s. 7d. with my drawer. We must draw eight tons of coal daily before we have earned anything substantial. This coal we cannot buy under 33s. 8d. per ton in pit yard.—*E. Farrimond, Wigan.*

Support the League

The League of Nations is not perfect, but it is the best piece of machinery for the application of international brotherhood that we possess. As it seeks not only to secure peace but to better all conditions of life, it surely deserves support. Without this it is like a body without a soul.—*T. M., Sunderland.*

Three Demons

Profit-sharing schemes would strike a death-blow to strikes, distrust, and discontent, the three demons undermining our national life to-day. The knowledge that a man will be no better off at the end of the year than he was at the beginning does not encourage him to give of his best. Rather does it render him an easy proselyte to the apostles of "liberty" so plentiful at present.—*A Worker, Elswick.*

An All-Round Blessing

One wonders why it is that the Post Office is so slow in adopting the Cash-on-Delivery system. The idea would be an all-round blessing. Not the least to be benefited would be the residents in some of the newer houses now being erected in places far removed from a shopping centre. It would indeed be a boon to such to be able to send their orders and receive their goods through the medium of the Post Office.—*W. M. S., Wood Green.*

Sweated Labour

May I enquire whether any labour unions at home keep an eye on our young men who go out as emigrants? One hears of cases in New Zealand where farmers employ emigrants on a seventeen hours' day: from 5 a.m. to 9 and 10 p.m., with brief intervals for meals only. When the heavy working season comes, these farmers evade employing extra hands by making these emigrants do double labour, with no extra payment.—*E. A. Lugard, Farnham.*

Work that Doesn't Pay

Can one wonder at men stopping on the dole when such poor wages are being paid? Take the case of a man who worked seventy hours a week being paid only £2; another case of a man aged fifty, with wife and family, working forty-seven hours a week for the poor wage of 27s.; another case of a young fellow age nineteen, wage 12s. a week, who is now on the dole, and will get 6s. more a week for being out of work.—*Crossbow, Staffs.*

Communism Crippled

In view of the success of the Birmingham Municipal Bank, why should other cities be refused Parliamentary sanction to introduce this great boon? The Birmingham Municipal Bank has, roughly speaking, £6,000,000 standing to the credit of citizens, and hundreds of workers have been enabled with its aid to become owners of their houses. This is the kind of Socialism we want. Encourage thrift and confidence amongst the workers and Communism will not stand a chance in this country.—*Depositor, Birmingham.*

Politics the Bar

The housing question is still left in a state of chaos. The trouble is that Governments will not see any good in suggestions from men of other parties. Undoubtedly Mr. Wheatley's Bill would have done valuable service, but coming from a Labour source it is viewed with suspicion, just as Labour always suspects the Liberal and Tory attempts at solving problems. Would that we could think more of the public good than a mere party score.—*R. E., Birmingham.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—"He was BORN in County Derry 69 YEARS OF AGE."

"HAMILTON ADVERTISER":—"An OPEN AIR meeting will be held IN Public Hall COMMITTEE ROOMS on Tuesday."

"SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO":—"The charge will be RAISED from £1 10s. to 30s."

"FLIGHT":—"The FOUR CYLINDERS are arranged in TWO blocks of THREE CYLINDERS."

"THE POPULAR.":—"Hazel started to his feet, his FEET FLUSHING AND PALING in turns."

"GALLOWAY ADVERTISER":—"Support Home Industries and ENCOURAGE local UNEMPLOYMENT."

"COUNTY MAIL" (Crewkerne): "It was agreed that the Clerk get notices printed and posted offering a REWARD of 40s. TO ANY PERSON OR persons DOING WILFUL DAMAGE."

"HUNTLY EXPRESS":—"Peel, core and slice ONE POUND OF WATER, and stew slowly."

Bound for Health & Pleasure——on a

ROYAL ENFIELD

"Guaranteed for all Time"

Prices from - **£7 10s.**

Cash or 11/- monthly.

Send for List "D.1."

THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO., LTD., REDDITCH.

GREATLY REDUCED PRICE

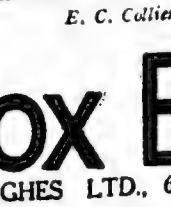
to make room for NEW SEASON'S MODELS

'GRETA' Gramophone

was **£3.13.6** NOW **£2.12.6**

Only 26 left. Offer cannot be repeated.

Marvellous value. Genuine New No. 1 'Gretas,' straight from stock, guaranteed perfect condition. The only Portable Table Grand which plays 12-in. records with lid closed. Will hold 6 double-sided records in lid. Ideal for outdoor and indoor use. Easy to carry, yet tone equal to many expensive pedestal instruments. Superb fittings, solid Oak case. No 2. Better Model was £5.15.6. NOW 3.15.0 (only a few). No. 3. Best Model was £7.7.0. NOW £4.19.6 (only 12 left)



Carriage free in U.K.

KEITH PROWSE (Dept. G.B.), 159, New Bond Street, LONDON, W. 1.

Over 140 years' reputation guards you against disappointment.

Motoring for the Million

Speedy Sports Models

by MOTOMAC

AS the season advances, we see more and more of the low rakish speed models on the road. They used to be confined to the knuts, but now everybody seems to aspire to a sports model.

They are fast, light, easy to handle and economical, all advantageous points with the present crowded state of the roads. Nearly all our makers can offer a sports model, but to get the real thing requires more than a little extra efficiency, for the appearance of speed is almost as necessary as actual speed, if one has to be in the fashion.

Low-slung bodies and little weight are the essentials, if a small engine has to propel the vehicle at speed.

Many of our British sports models are still built on sturdy lines, and speed only becomes possible by using a super-excellent engine. We have some real tip-top sports cars, Alvis or A.C., for example, but their price is just above the limit for the million.

The G.N. is more reasonable, the Ariel comes even nearer our idea for price, but the only really cheap sports model which fills the bill for small engine rating and light weight is the Austin Sports Seven.

NOWADAYS, no car is sporty whose recognised performance is below seventy miles per hour. Being law-abiding citizens we never use the speed, except in a case of life and death, but it must be there, in case.

The Continent, where speed limits are unknown, has always specialised on speed models. Well-known racing models come to our mind, but the trouble with them all is price. Within our range come the Mathis, the Salmson and the Senechal.

Keeping in mind our condition of speed and weight, the Senechal is the most interesting. It costs more than the Austin sports, and cannot lay claim to any better performance, but it looks the part more.

The reason for bringing this and other Continental makes forward at the moment is purely that of interest for the motorist. Next month the price of these models may be advanced, due not to any increase in cost, but the necessity of finding new sources of revenue. It has been discovered that the motorist pays willingly and without complaining.

THE Senechal is, however, an attractive bus with a long, low stream-lined body! It weighs about 10cwt., including a hood, which is necessary on sports models nowadays, in view of their wider use for normal purposes.

The four-cylinder overhead valve engine will push the car along at 70 on top gear, which has a ratio of 4 to 1. In second gear, 8 to 1, fifty can be attained, and this is a useful speed in these days when even the amateur motorist gets interested in local speed or climbing competitions. The price is £315 complete, and the tax £8 per annum.

Talking of sports, the question of how to keep hands clean, say, when forced to change a wheel on the way to tennis, is very easily solved. Instead of keeping patent cleansers put a pair of domestic rubber gloves in the pocket of the car. They are cheap and will last a long time, and there will never be any bother about appearances, no matter what the function may be.

AN ALL-BRITISH DIRECT from FACTORY OFFER TO YOU

ONLY 2/6 WEEKLY

You save from the start when you buy a **GUARANTEED FOR EVER** "Juno" Cycle **FOR A SMALL DEPOSIT WE WILL SEND YOU A "JUNO" ON FREE APPROVAL.** If dissatisfied return the Cycle at our expense, and we will refund your money. Our 47 years' reputation is behind every Cycle we manufacture. Don't Delay. Write to-day.

JUNO CYCLE CO.
(D pt. D2) 168 & 248, Bishopsgate London, E.C.2.

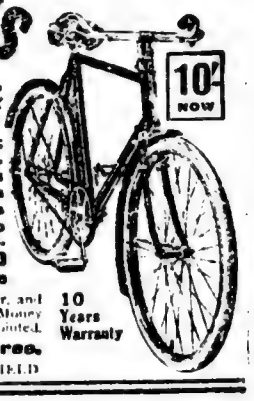
14 DAYS' APPROVAL
CARRIAGE PAID AND PACKED FREE

COLOURED CATALOGUE FREE

JUNO

(Name of) METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO. LTD.

GRAVES
WORLD'S BEST CYCLE.



10/- NOW

World's Best Value.
Every component part of guaranteed excellence

HANS RENOLD CHAIN; BRAMPTON'S HUBS; B.S.A. FREE WHEEL; BOWDEN BRAKES; SPIRAL SPRING SADDLE; HUTCHINSON'S EXTRA PARA SUPER CORD TYRES; DUNLOP WESTWOOD RIMS; **£6:10:0**
Lady's Model same price

Terms:- 10/- with order, and balance **10/-** monthly. Money back if in any way disappointed.

Catalogue Post Free.

10 Years Warranty

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

30 year-old Corn Removed

When we say that after a few Radox baths you will be able to remove your corn bodily, we mean exactly that: no more and no less. We do not say only one bath will end a corn because sometimes two or three baths are necessary if the corn is particularly obstinate. But we do say that Radox foot baths, if persisted in, will enable the oldest corn to be lifted right out. Test beats talk. Read proof below.

"4, *Valentia Road, Reading.*"

"I saw your advert. with testimonial re how a lady, after soaking her feet for 40 minutes, stooped down and pulled her corn of over 20 years' standing right out. How I laughed, how ridiculous. My daughter said "You have a sample packet, try it." I was very sceptical about it, but I did just for 40 minutes, a corn of more than 30 years' standing, so tender I HAD TO HAVE CLOTH BOOTS, and, behold, I put my nail under the corn, and lo! IT CAME CLEAN OUT.

"I have advertised Radox well in my club of 400.

16th May, 1925. E. C. Collier."

How Radox Removes Corns.

When you put your feet into a Footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer-layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn-solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is obvious that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

Ask for Radox at your chemist's Price 1/6 per ½ lb. Pink Packet. 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES LTD., 68, DEANSGATE ARCADE, MANCHESTER

Every cyclist

should specify tyres from the

DUNLOP RANGE.

Ever since the birth of cycling, Dunlop Tyres have been supreme for quality and long mileage.

The Dunlop range provides a tyre for everyone: for the rider of the speed machine, and for the tourist. Your dealer will show you the range and recommend you to

'fit Dunlop and be satisfied'

RETAIL PRICES OF DUNLOP CYCLE TYRES.

DUNLOP CORD
(Made in Heavy and Roadster Weights).

Cover 13/6 Tube 5/- (Heavy) Cover 10/6 Tube 4/- (Roadster)

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Prices quoted are for wired-on covers
BEADED EDGE 1/5 extra.

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., Fort Dunlop, BIRMINGHAM.

DUNLOP — THE STANDARD *by which* ALL TYRES *are* JUDGED

C.E.H.7A

if

—you wish to be assured of your Agent's stability.

—you want your future event Commissions executed at exact market prices.

—you want the best terms for your daily business, including No Limit on anything, unlimited place betting when favourite starts odds on, and payment in full of lost telegrams, etc.—

then do it with

'DUGGIE'

CES. and CAMBS.

Unlimited Double Events.
No Way Barred.

Don't Delay. Post To-day.

Douglas Stuart,

5, Drury St., Glasgow.

"Duggie Never Owes."

"Backers will be perfectly safe in dealing with Sutters & Co."—*Sporting Life.*

SUTTERS & CO.

(Sole Partners: M. Benson and S. Freeman.)

Gigantic Double Event
ON
CES. and CAMBS.

NO LIMIT for win or Place.

PLACE BETTING with no limit or stipulations.

TELEGRAMS fully paid, even if lost or wrongly transmitted.

1/3rd ODDS FOR PLACES on ALL future events.

Apply To-day,
196, St. Vincent St., GLASGOW

Another Derby for Steve?

Donoghue's Next Double—Royal Ascot—Hunt Cup—Unlucky Alford

I DO not suppose that many JOHN BULL readers will pop across to Paris to see the French Derby, but those who like to have a bet on the race can back Donoghue.

Donoghue's Double.

Steve told me that now that he has achieved his ambition to win again at Epsom he is after two more distinctions. He wants to win his first French Derby, and also head the list of winning jockeys in this country once more.

Coram Trained by Leigh.

He has high hopes of doing the former on Sunday on Coram. The horse belongs to the brother of the owner of Epinard, and is trained by 'Gene Leigh. Steve has ridden Coram to victory before now, and I know he will be disappointed if there is not another triumph at Chantilly. Incidentally, the Epsom failure, Ptolemy, is to run, the owner being certain that his form in our Derby was all wrong.

Royal Ascot.

If I possessed all the money which will be awarded in stakes at Royal Ascot, I should not be earning my living writing notes and picking winners. Perhaps I should be watching my fortune dwindling away backing other people's losers. Next week's prize-money will be close on £40,000. I could do with it. During the past few years, Alex. Taylor, the Manton trainer, has annexed more than his fair share of the plums for his patrons, but I have qualms in recommending him as the man to follow after his black Ascot of 1924. He did not send out the winner of a single race. However, I think this must be put down to sheer bad luck, and I suggest you give him another chance. As the saying is, he has the horses.

The Hunt Cup.

I have received numerous letters asking me for a good tip for the Royal Hunt Cup. At one time this big sprint race was one of the greatest gambling races of the year, but now most of the professionals give it a miss. They are wise. Since 1921 we have had two at 50 to 1 and two at 20. These are not much good to people who want to make money. It is time the tide turned, and this year I am going for Purple Shade, Pharos, D'Orsay or Tranquillette. I will give my final selection in the code.

One Good Turn Deserves——

A Welshman promised me by post a salmon in return for a trier. I did not send him Salmon Trout, although I have marked down the Aga Khan's Leger winner as certain to score soon, but I gave him a winner which I also coded, Tranquillette. So far, the salmon has not arrived.

The Latest Dodge of Welshers.

You have got to be up early in the morning to keep upsides with the wily welsher. Two friends of mine were welshed at Epsom by "bookies" wearing the B.P.A. badge—or an imitation. If you prefer backing on the course to the crowded rings, fight shy of the man who offers you 10 to 1 the favourite. He will make his getaway with the speed of a Saucy Sue.

Dead 'Uns.

Dabblers in fancy bets over future events are still being invited to try their luck in combinations, including Town Guard and Le Gueliz. As the latter animal was shot the other day after an accident, I can assure you he is truly dead, and Town Guard is dead for all practical purposes, being actually at the stud. So if you have been tricked into coupling either of these two with others just drop the enterprising bookmaker who caught you a reminder that you must have your money back.

Did You Win a Lot?

Followers of my daily naps and code selections were on some nice priced winners at Manchester. Merriment 7 to 1, and Winalot 6 to 1, were my daily naps, whilst Winalot and Oriel was my coded double on Manchester Cup day. The double worked out at 22 to 1.

Seventy Successive Losers.

When your luck is out you can't do anything right. I believe these are the words of a one-time popular song, but they always strike me as most applicable to tipsters, trainers and jockeys. Young Alford, the big success of last year, rode over seventy losers before he broke his duck on Wee Mon at Wolverhampton. Since then he has been on the back of three or four winners. Alford is the King's light-weight jockey.

W. Alford.

A Racehorse for Eight Guineas.

After the Eel Pie Handicap at Hurst Park recently, Harewick changed hands for eight guineas. The gelding may be served up on a menu, but I think he is capable of winning. He ran third in a field of thirty-four at the first Epsom meeting.

A Race De Luxe.

One of my correspondents asked me to explain why it is the cracks so seldom meet in opposition. In polite terms I told him he was talking through the roof of his hat, and pointed out the field which contested the Coronation Cup:—

1. ST. GERMANS, second in the Derby.
2. SANSOVINO, Derby winner.
3. PLACK, One Thousand Guineas winner.
0. CHARLEY'S MOUNT, Cesarewitch winner.
0. SALMON TROUT, St. Leger winner.
0. TWELVE POINTER, Cambridgeshire winner.
0. MR. BLISS, good handicapper.

What more can any one ask for?

Boosting Turf Writers.

I find it rather amusing watching the attempts of some of the dailies endeavouring to boost their turf writers. Those who give about thirty selections a day naturally find a large number of winners, but it is the average which counts in the long run. Following the Derby one well-known daily audaciously published: "We gave Manna for a place."

Manna, Saucy Sue, or——?

Two Classics to Manna and two to Saucy Sue. The colt and the filly won their respective races, the Derby and the Oaks, by eight lengths, but Saucy Sue finished the mile and a half in 2½ seconds better time. I think this can be put down to the state of the going, which was much better on the Ladies' day; but the two fliers have been seized upon in many quarters as certain to fight out the finish of the St. Leger. The race is a long way ahead, so do not be tempted into taking the prices on offer.

Sport Makes the Man.

Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., is a great believer in sport as an antidote for labour unrest. Speaking at the Gilbey Sports Meeting recently, he advised the heads of big commercial undertakings to join their employees in the playing-fields. In his opinion a business chief can find out more about the grit and value of his work-people on any field of sport in a few minutes than by months of association in the office or warehouse. I think this is very sound advice.

The Unlucky Backer.

Bill was a backer who couldn't do right,
His luck was amazing, his life a blight.
He backed The Saint and it finished last—
Whoever heard of a saint that was fast?
And when he backed Glue Pot—atrocious luck—
The day's best betting chance came unstuck.
When he backed The Plumber, hard was his fate,
For the horse went back to look for his mate.
He backed a friend who was rather rash
In a business deal, and the friend went smash.
But he's finished with backing has poor old Bill
Since he backed his car on the edge of a hill.

MY DAILY NAPS.

Wednesday	**INVINOLA**
Thursday	**LABADENS**
Friday	**DOBBY HORSE**
Saturday	**THE WOODEN HORSE**

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man.

2 A K J E O F G M U R N Q B

Y H W I X V 3 T C L S P D Z

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. Q H K R V P M J G 2 would read DAWSON CITY.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from June 10 to June 16.

Horses to Follow

DOUSHKA.—This charming filly, by Tetratema, was unlucky to be beaten by Piazzetta and Miss Buttall. The grey is going to capture some nice races.

CORCYRIAN.—Stanley Wootton purchased Corcyrian for 800 gns. after the son of Corcyra ran away with a selling plate at Hurst Park. At one time the horse was considered a first-class performer in good handicaps. He is certain to be a money-spinner for the clever Epsom trainer.

APPARENT.—A. Lindborg has been short headed twice in the past few weeks when on the back of this filly. Apparent is one of the most consistent animals in the North and is certain to pop up at a nice price before long.

The **Sporting Life** and **Sportsman**
FOR LATEST ASCOT NOTES AND POINTERS

ESTABLISHED 28 YEARS.

WHITE FISHER & Co.

144m, West Regent Street,
GLASGOW.

ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.

RACING.

NO LIMIT. WIN AND PLACE.
¼ Odds a Place. 5, 6 or 7 Runners
WEEKLY ACS. SYSTEMS.
DAILY SETTLEMENTS.
Daily Lists on all Important Events.
SEND FOR OUR BOOK OF RULES.
WE NEVER QUIBBLE.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO!

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25, North Albion St., Glasgow

UNBEATABLE
STARTING PRICE TERMS.

YOU CAN POST YOUR
LETTER COMMISSION
(Registered or Ordinary)
UP TO THE SET TIME OF A RACE,
YOU WILL RECEIVE
WINNINGS
BY RETURN OF POST!

NO LIMIT. NO LIMIT.

First Favourite Doubles and Trebles.
Place Doubles and Trebles accepted.
No Restrictions of any kind.

ROYAL HUNT CUP.
Price List on Application.

FREE!! Colour prints of all principal Owners' colours and special prints of famous races. Mention this paper with your application.

GRAVES

'THIRTY'
30 PIECES, 30 SHILLINGS

The World's finest Cutlery Value. Every piece warranted best quality

3/- NOW

Graves 'Thirty' Service Contains: 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives with Ivory-grained handles, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 2 Table Spoons, 1 Salt Spoon, 1 Mustard Spoon (all warranted to wear white throughout) and 1 pr Genuine Sheffield Shear Steel Carvers with finest Ivorette handles. Price 30/-

WE DELIVER the Graves 'Thirty' service to approved orders for 2/- now, and 2/- monthly. Money back if at all disappointed.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of Sheffield Cutlery and Plate, Stainless Specialities, &c., Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

J. McLauchlan

11, Duke Street, Edinburgh.

LETTERS! LETTERS! LETTERS!
ALL POSTAGE PAID.
EVERY LETTER ANSWERED

1/-, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-, 20/- up to £10 as desirable as larger bets.

CONCESSIONS TO BACKERS

Longest Price Paid as returned by "Chronicle" or "Sporting Life."

Favourites for Doubles and Trebles.
Place Doubles and Trebles.
No Restrictions.
Any to Come or Cross Bets.
All Systematic Commissions for 1st Favourites. "Sporting Chronicle" returns will rule the settling.
You are on if Postmarked before Race.

TARTAN BOOK ON APPLICATION

All Monies Returned First Post after Result.

Business people can open Credit Accounts without references.

SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNTS
(No References Required).

Prospective Clients unable to give usual references may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with me. When sending money as guarantee please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened.

NO LONDON ADDRESS.
No Representatives Anywhere.

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

I was bald. My hair grew anew as shown in the portrait. Many persons, both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by a compound used by American Indians. This contains genuine bear oil, juice of the rare pilocarpus plant, and other potent ingredients.

Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to—

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street (53G.G.), London, W.1.

Clapham Park, S.W.—"As one who leads a sedentary life," writes Mr. W. Manning, "I recognise the necessity of assisting nature to perform her functions. Lack of exercise brings in its wake constipation and all its attendant evils, and entails suffering and expense. Here is where Carter's Little Liver Pills make a strong appeal to the sedentary worker. At least they do to me, for I have found them to be the best antidote to the consequences of lack of exercise. They are gently and mildly aperient, and effect their purpose without the least physical discomfort or inconvenience. Bad tastes in the mouth due to stomachic acidity have never troubled me since I began taking Carter's, and I do not suffer now from the violent headaches which at one time were of frequent occurrence." The Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills in 1/3 phials only.

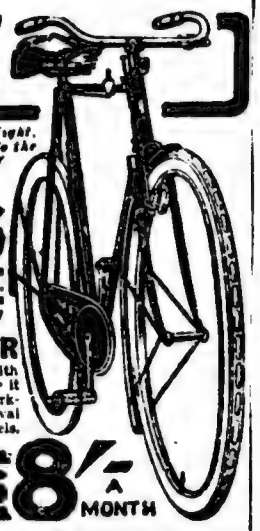
28,510 MILES

READ THIS AMAZING TESTIMONIAL

Ladies' & Gent's models

Wilton Cottage, Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight.
Since last year I have added another 5,840 MILES to the record of my "Albert" Cycle, thus making a total of 28,510 MILES. The cycle has given me very excellent service (Signed) A. V. Green, Postman.

ALBERT CYCLES



Used every day and all day for over 20 years by Policemen, Postmen, and others who must have a perfectly reliable cycle. Proved to excel all others for strength, long service, easy running and value. **Special Double-Strength Frame and highest-grade fittings.** There is no other bicycle with such an amazing proof of excellence. **Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned.** Free Art Catalogue from Manufacturers,

From 6/- Monthly.

YEWDONIA SMOOTH MOTION BABY CAR

Another All-British triumph, built to model approved by Health Authorities. Safe, deep, roomy and warm. Your baby will love it because it is as **Comfortable As Mother's Arms.** Exquisite workmanship and finish. Bargain prices from 6/- monthly. On approval and prompt delivery. Art catalogue of up-to-the-minute models. Pobjoy and Trolley Cars FREE.

YEWDALL'S 140E., 0:on Francis St. **LEEDS** **8/- A MONTH**

HUGE SUMMER SALE

The Famous

SARTOR RAINCOAT

From **18/6** Carriage Paid in British Isles. SALE PRICE ONLY.

The great Sartor Sale started on **MONDAY, JUNE 8.** During the continuance of the Sale the world-famous **SARTOR RAINCOAT** will be supplied at the special **BARGAIN PRICE of 18 6,** carriage paid, to any address in the British Isles. The genuine **SARTOR RAINCOAT** is the finest and most useful garment of its kind in the world. It is made from a fully-proofed Gabardine with smart check lining, and is tailor finished. It is sold only by the manufacturers.

SEND NO MONEY.

In the first place send your name and address only. By return post we will forward you **FREE PATTERNS,** Style Book and Self-measurement form. The **SALE LASTS FOR 30 DAYS,** but please write at once. During the final week of our Summer Sale last year we were overwhelmed with applications and put to great inconvenience. Write **NOW** and we guarantee no delay. A postcard will do.

SARTOR Manufacturing Co. (Dept. J),
53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.
Visit our London Showrooms :
220, TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1 (*First Floor*)

Every Coat sold by us carries our Guarantee. Monies returned in full if not thoroughly satisfied

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Nerve Weakness

Remarkable case of young lady who was completely restored to health by Cassell's Tablets after very serious nervous illness.

MISS WINGRAVE.

Testimony from Miss Queenie Wingrave.

Miss Queenie Wingrave, of 22, St. Martin's Road, Lower Edmonton, London, N., says:—"About three years ago I had a wound on my foot, which festered, causing septic poisoning, which spread through my system. The result was that I lost the power of my limbs. Before long I was not able to walk, and even when sitting was liable to fall from my chair. I had treatment, but there was little improvement. Sometimes I could hobble about with the aid of a stick, but I should have collapsed without it. My friends thought I was incurable, but my mother got me some Cassell's Tablets to try, and the way in which they helped me was wonderful. I was soon able to get about again—first with my stick, and then without it, and now I am ever so well."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuritis	Palpitation
Indigestion	Kidney Weakness
Sleeplessness	Children's Weakness
Neurasthenia	Wasting
Nerve Pains	
Headache	

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3 Family Size, 3/-.
Sold by Chemists and Store sthroughout the Empire.

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page but his humour is kindly and never malicious and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. See note at top of last column on this page.

I. S. T. (Bingley).—"I wrote this on the inspiration of the moment." It arrived on an ordinary sheet of note-paper.

B. G. L. (Pimlico).—"I can boast of appearing before the Prince." Always supposing that age is anything to boast about.

NELLIE (Oldham).—"A cotton dance to celebrate the silk tax would be good fun." It would have a good many reels in it.

F. N. (Richmond).—"Women began to wear stockings in the eleventh century." But, of course, we see far more of them now.

G. M. (Amersham).—"I enclose a list of forty articles which are made of rubber." You forgot the angler's tape-measure.

B. G. (Ramsgate).—"All churches should have mixed choirs." They have, a mixture of those who can sing and those who can't.

J. W. S. (Sheffield).—"I'd sooner put up for Bedlam than for our Town Council." And you'd stand a much better chance of getting in.

TOM L. (Morecambe).—"My landlady serves up meals that aren't fit for pigs." Talk to her nicely and she may be able to cook one that is.

B. D. (Doncaster).—"My chum is always depressed and wishing he was dead." Perhaps he either didn't marry the girl he loved—or did.

T. C. N. (Hendon).—"The Government should help people who really try to make money." It does. It provides them with free board and lodging.

MRS. PERCY B. (Torquay).—"Hubby sends me here for a thorough rest, and then says I mustn't read fiction." He evidently doesn't mean to write to you.

E. L. (Bungay).—"How long would it take to visit every fashionable Continental resort and see all the sights?" About forty-six Conferences, we should say.

M. N. (Maida Vale).—"I wrote you four letters in praise of Bolshevism and you haven't answered them." Well, here are four letters in reply: U.R.A.J.

H. C. (Croydon).—"I have a positive fear and shrinking from work, but the doctors can't diagnose my complaint." You are suffering from voluntary inertia.

HAROLD F. (Cardiff).—"I suppose I shall go fishing as usual on my holiday." And no doubt you'll catch the usual number of sharks at your digs and elsewhere.

"UNCLE SAM" (Ohio).—"What I don't like about the English is their pride and their wet weather." Apparently you'd prefer more humility and less humidity.

A. C. (Dacre).—"What would you say to a gift of £5?" Good-bye, very soon.

C. E. C. (Shoreditch).—"I am a caretaker." We also are very painstaking.

W. B. (Edmonton).—"The harder you work, the more you have." And the more you have, the more you have to.

T. H. A. (Newhouse).—"Ordinary ailments can usually be cured by a tonic and by sleep." In fact, by dose and doze.

MRS. E. (Plaistow).—"What is the difference between English and foreign tomatoes?" Usually about a shilling a pound.

GEO. L. (Harlesden).—"Central heating will eventually be within the reach of everybody." Do you mean in this world, or in the next?

S. T. P. (Oakley).—"A pawnbroker's business must be very dull." Most of them, it seems, find a good deal of interest in it.

"WOMAN'S MAN" (Glynn).—"It's a bold man who forsakes the society of woman." In fact, none but the brave desert the fair.

CLARICE V. (W.1).—"Marriage gave me success and an entry into society." So you got off in order to get on and get in.

S. W. (Salisbury).—"I get a good living out of horses, bees, and a small hotel." You seem to live on G's, B's and P.-G.'s.

P. J. R. (Beckenham).—"I lost my county court action, though by every good right I should have won it." O law!

V. R. (Paignton).—"My brother, who is at Oxford, often gets lost in thought." Does he also get lost in his Oxford trousers?

F. K. (S.W.10).—"If I stay more than a night, I know I'm merely tolerated." You begin by being put up, and end by being put up with.

A. E. (Colwall).—"I belong to a new school of thought." On the evidence of your letter, we should have guessed you were still on the waiting-list.

L. McV. (Sandy).—"I eat entirely my own vegetables for nine months in the year." The other three, we presume, you spend with relations or friends.

"STOUT" (Thorpe).—"By not eating potatoes, I'm losing an ounce a day." Then in about a fortnight, 16 renounces will make a pound.

CONSTANCE M. (Chicago).—"I shall inherit my father's fortune, which runs into seven figures." Then you may call yourself a million'eiress already.

"REJECTED" (Porton).—"Half an hour after asking her father, I found myself on the ground outside the house." You must have felt very put out.

V. B. F. (Lewisham).—"When I wake, I take a glass of milk with a little spirit in it." Isn't that rum?

G. F. (Brighton).—"The fishermen here seem to do pretty well." They ought to make a fair net profit.

D. M. (Porthcawl).—"After all, life is a very hollow affair." Only if you let your troubles knock all the stuffing out of you.

E. J. (Broxbourne).—"I like nothing better than to rock my sweetheart in her hammock." Your love affair is evidently going with a swing.

P. B. C. (Clapham).—"A strange boy on the common stole my son's cricket stumps." The young rascal evidently knows something about wicket-keeping.

F. P. L. (Anerley).—"After I had punished my boy for falsehood, he actually stood up to me." Perhaps he didn't feel like sitting down.

W. W. (Thames Ditton).—"I swim three times across the river before breakfast." And when do you come back to the side where your clothes are?

BEN L. (Wigan).—"My wife and I have just secured a fine little runabout." Good. It's so easy to lose the little rascals once they're off on their feet.

H. I. J. (Dartford).—"My little son is so mischievous that he puts a booby-trap on top of every door." Sorry he is already bringing so much trouble upon your head.

A. C. G. (Colchester).—"My cousin seems very fond of me, but I wish he wouldn't always want to borrow money." Such family affection is really too touching.

C. Y. (Lowestoft).—"My fiancée wants to be a lady solicitor, and I can't persuade her to give up the idea." Cheer up—you'll have her laying down the law soon enough.

J. D. (Austwick).—"Did you receive the photo I sent you of self as a day-old infant?" So *that's* what it was. We thought it was some sort of new mangel-wurzel.

J. S. (Upper Tooting).—"What did you think of my article on exclusive sources of information?" That it proved you a very diligent reader of our pages.

JOHNSON WOOD (57, Hercus Loan, Musselburgh).—"My *Bullets* £500 last week was won in my wife's maiden name of 'A. Sinclair.'" Why not use your proper name—it Wood have won you just the same.

M. G. (Bedford).—"My next-door neighbour raises violent objection to my bee-hives." No doubt he'll get a stinging reproof.

IN Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" the following sage passage occurs: "The greatest object in the universe, says a philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is a still greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it."

There are among our readers many good men whose lives are beset with trials and perplexities of every kind, and it is the object of JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service to play the part of the good man who will relieve them of their burdens.

We will endeavour to adjust private grievances and expose public scandals. If you are being victimised we will try to procure you reparation. We will show you the best way to fight petty spite or to overcome organised tyranny.

Nothing is too small, nothing too great, for our attention. Send a stamped and addressed envelope, and you may be assured that the trouble, whatever it is, will receive careful consideration.

BERT D. (Taplow).—"I have been struck by a bright thought." And has it knocked you completely senseless?

B. T. (Long Preston).—"It would be better if all engagements were longer." It would certainly make marriage shorter.

R. O. (Liverpool).—"I am very glad I am no relative of yours." Your good wishes are most warmly reciprocated.

T. N. (Whitby).—"If a man remains single his name dies out." Unless it happens to be Smith, Brown, Jones or Robinson.

W. P. (Whitstable).—"Is it true that Aberdonians are great whisky drinkers?" We believe they are able to drink any given quantity.

MRS. A. A. (Whitechapel).—"I shall lay in a stock of silk stockings as an investment." You will have something to show for your money.

MRS. F. (Sunningdale).—"To my horror the hired girl dropped the baby." Did she say it just came to pieces in her hands?

W. F. (Holborn).—"I can dance all night with the same pretty girl without any misunderstanding." But what about the missus understanding?

JOHN D. (Stepney).—"I have no sense of direction and go miles out of my way to get to a given point." You are evidently cut out for a taxi-driver.

MRS. ELLIOT G. (Maidenhead).—"Women are idiotic fools to marry." Don't worry. Men seldom discover the fact until afterwards.

MISS H. (Margate).—"I enclose my photo, but I can assure you I never waste time before a mirror." And after looking at the photo we don't blame you.

GREGORY L. (Burnley).—"They tell me that in London many buildings are simply falling down." You needn't worry: there are plenty of streets still up.

B. D. (Pinner).—"Father has absolutely forbidden my boy to see me in the evening." So now you sit together in the dark, we suppose.

LAURIE (Hammersmith).—"I have a great longing to know how to attain popularity." Try sharing your joys and keeping your troubles to yourself.

J. J. (Hanley).—"He will return the money if not found satisfactory." But when was money ever found unsatisfactory?

MRS. A. (Whitby).—"For seven-and-six I secured a most wonderful watch." One of the sort that keeps you wondering what time it is, we suppose.

W. J. (Ilford).—"A man who earns a good living and then does all his own washing, cleaning and cooking, can't be said to suffer from paralysis." Only from the eyebrows up.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Wit and Wisdom

TELL me not in tones of sorrow
Life is empty, life is drear.
Buy *The Passing Show* to-morrow,
'Tis a paper full of cheer.

First the cover's sunny presage
Puts one in a happy mood:
Bright and truthful is its message,
For the inside's just as good.

Every week *The Showman* offers
Balm to soothe the jaded mind,
Pouring forth from out his coffers
Humour of the highest kind.

His contributors are clever,
And they always give their best.
In each issue they endeavour
To amuse and interest.

It is safe to say that no man
E'er for twopence gave such worth
As is offered by *The Showman*
In his Magazine of Mirth.

Let *The Passing Show* remind you
Laughter's tonic is the best:
Leave your worries all behind you;
Learn to live your life with zest!

BAD LEGS CURED

IN YOUR OWN HOME.

NO RESTING. NO OPERATIONS. NO RELAPSE.

Why suffer with your bad leg? Why endure the throbbing, burning, aching, and stabbing pain that makes your life a burden and a misery? If you cannot rest, if you cannot sleep, if you cannot work, and if you are continually in pain, you cannot enjoy life as you should. But—You are not doomed to suffer! Even now you are suffering needlessly. Tremol Treatment has cured others and it will banish your pain. Thousands who suffered just as you are suffering to-day are now cured by the Tremol System of Treatment, and delivered from the bondage of pain.

ARE THESE YOUR SYMPTOMS?

IS YOUR LEG PAINFUL?

Bad legs cause terrible pain. With open wounds, sores, or ulcers the agony is intense. The flesh is drawn and tight. Twitching and shooting pains make the leg throb and burn. Rest is impossible. When the leg is red and itchy, sufferers could "scratch it to pieces." If it is inflamed and weeping, the leg smarts and burns. Heavy, tired, and aching limbs from Varicose Veins compel sufferers to lie up in bed frequently. Stiff, swollen joints stab like needles, and quick movement causes the leg to give way with stinging pain. And so it is with all bad leg sufferers. Pain! Pain! Robbing life of all pleasure, condemning the sufferer to unending misery.

IS THERE AN OPEN WOUND, SORE OR ULCER?

An open wound, sore, or ulcer usually develops from a knock, from varicose veins, a pimple, or a scratch. In the majority of cases the wound is surrounded by inflammation and complicated by varicose veins. A terrific gnawing agony afflicts the sufferers day and night. They cannot sleep. They must nurse the leg continually. If you suffer in this way you can be cured as thousands already have been cured by Tremol Treatment.

IS YOUR LEG INFLAMED WITH ECZEMA?

Red, burning inflammation causes intense irritation and smarting pain. The leg may be hot and fiery. Innumerable scales form. Sufferers know neither comfort nor peace. Under Tremol Treatment all skin inflammation passes away and your leg is made sound and well.

HAVE YOU PAINFUL AND SWOLLEN JOINTS?

Severe pains shoot through the joints when they are stiff and swollen. Walking and free movement is painful and difficult. Sufferers cannot follow their occupations. In these cases, Tremol achieves brilliant results when all other treatments have failed. Every sufferer from painful joints should get Tremol Treatment without delay!

NOTE THESE POINTS.

Tremol Conquers Bad Legs
WHEN OPERATIONS HAVE FAILED.
WHEN OINTMENTS HAVE FAILED.
WHEN RESTING HAS FAILED.
WHEN ALL OTHERS HAVE FAILED.

Tremol Conquers Bad Legs
WITHOUT RESTING.
WITHOUT OPERATION.
WITHOUT RELAPSE.
WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK.
WITHOUT LOSS OF WAGES.

Tremol Conquers Bad Legs
WITH SOUND NEW SKIN.
WITH BETTER HEALTH.
WITH RAPIDITY.
WITH CERTAINTY.
WITH GRAND RESULTS.

VIEW OF NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

HOW TREMOL CURES.

When doctors, hospitals, infirmaries, ointments, and all other treatments have failed to cure—TREMOL will cure you. Many thousands are already cured. Hundreds are being treated and cured to-day. Under Tremol Treatment ulcers and open wounds are cured with sound new skin. Varicose eczema, even when combined with varicose veins, disappears. Swelling is reduced. Stiff and painful joints become painless. Inflammation and irritation pass away. Pain is banished, sleep is restored. Health is improved.

TREMOL IS YOUR OWN TREATMENT.

Why does Tremol conquer all leg troubles? Because every case receives individual attention. Your age, sex, weight, occupation, how long suffering, the nature of your bad leg, and all the factors affecting it are taken into account. The right treatment to bring about a lasting cure will be specially prescribed for you. You will be under special treatment until you are cured.

TREMOL CONQUERS BAD LEGS WITHOUT REST.

Resting cannot permanently cure bad legs. Tremol has abolished resting in bed. You can apply Tremol and be cured whilst you are working. No lying up. No loss of wages. Tremol cures without a moment's unnecessary rest.

TREMOL RESULTS ARE PERMANENT.

Thousands rejoice to-day in a good strong leg cured by Tremol. They have had no relapse. No return of their leg trouble. Think what permanency means to you. Better health! Renewed strength! Greater vigour! Your leg made strong and well.

AGE IS NO BAR TO A CURE.

Cases of ten, twenty, or thirty years' standing are cured as easily as cases of yesterday. Sufferers from sixty to eighty years of age and upwards are cured with the same certainty as sufferers of thirty. Their advancing years are made free from pain.

OUR FREE OFFER TO YOU!

No matter how long you have suffered, no matter how old you are, no matter where you live—our offer is for you. Fill in the coupon, send it to the NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (WARD B.L.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, and without any charge or obligation whatever, you will receive full information about the great Tremol Treatment. Also you will have our expert advice on your leg trouble absolutely free. This astonishing offer is made to you and every bad leg sufferer by the Governors of the National Infirmary because they are determined that this widespread suffering must be banished from the land. Seize this wonderful opportunity now! Do not delay. Every consideration will be given to your case. To help you and to place the Tremol Treatment within your reach, the National Infirmary will send to you free of all charge.

A LARGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK.
This book is full of sound information and advice to all Bad Leg sufferers. It deals with the causes of all forms of Bad Legs and how they are cured. Thousands praise the day they read the book. It gave them the knowledge of how to get cured in their own homes, without loss of work, without painful operations, and without resting. Send for this valuable book at once. It shows how you, too, can be cured.

A LEGAL GUARANTEE.
No other institution in the world undertakes a legal guarantee like the National Infirmary for Bad Legs. They can do so because of their absolute and perfect confidence in the Tremol System of Treatment.

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED ALBUM.
It contains coloured illustrations taken from life of actual cases cured by Tremol Treatment. Each illustration shows a typical case of a bad Leg made good. This album is convincing proof of the marvellous curative powers of Tremol Treatment.

A LIST OF CASES CURED IN YOUR OWN DISTRICT.
No matter where you live, you will find neighbours cured by Tremol Treatment. Their names and addresses we will send to you to enable you to get first-hand personal knowledge of how Tremol Cures. Call and see your neighbours. Learn how they suffered. They are willing to help you. As they were cured so can you be cured.

DO YOU WANT YOUR LEG CURED?
SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

FREE COUPON

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (WARD B.L.).
Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send me without charge or obligation your Valuable Book, Illustrated Album, Legal Guarantee, List of Cases, and all particulars as per your special offer.

Name .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

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State Complaint .....

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NATURE'S MODERN RESTORATIVE TO HEALTH AND VITALITY—WITHOUT DRUGS

Brain and Spinal Cord Substances.

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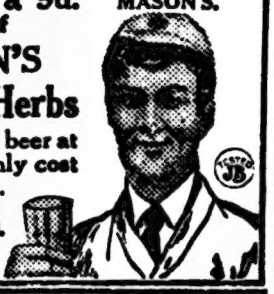
GOOD! IT'S MASON'S.



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FREE ZOX is the proved remedy for Neuralgia & Headache. TWO ZOX POWDERS FREE to test it. Mention this Journal and enclose 1½d. stamped addressed envelope. Sold by Chemists and Stores in 1/6 and 3/- boxes or post free at these prices from THE ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

WITH ZOX

BEGGARS IN MUFTI

Respectable Clothes that Conceal Desperate Needs

NOT every man who is in want wears the rags and tatters that are the uniform of the professional beggar. There are citizens in our midst whose respectable clothes conceal a far more desperate need than that of whining gutter mendicants.

The necessitous condition of these poor souls is not readily recognised, and in consequence it is apt to be ignored. We should spare some of our sympathy for the black-coated brigade, clerks and accountants and commercial travellers.

Unlike men trained to a trade, who have powerful unions working in their interests, they are in the majority of cases not eligible for unemployment benefit under the Insurance Act, and when thrown out of occupation they are reduced to a condition of pitiable helplessness.

THEIR homes become haunts of sorrow. In some, scarcely any furniture is left but the bedding. The wardrobe is denuded of all the woman's little fineries and finally sold so that the breadwinner may go respectably dressed on his continual quest of employment.

Day after day he returns dejected and hungry, but there is little food in the larder for him, and so his strength is sapped and his hope diminishes.

Help us to relieve their distress and infuse new hope into their hearts through "The Greatest of These—" Fund.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Miss Franklin, parcel; "Emm Dee," £1; "Tee Bee," £1; Hopeful, 6d.; Small 9th, 1s.; Phil-clunat, 2s. 6d.; "Best Wishes, Dundee," 2s. 6d.; F. D., 2d.; From Sheffield, 1s., 1½d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; M. T. P., 4d.; Scots Greys, 1s. 2d.; Mrs. J. Bairstow, 2s. 6d.; P. G. Shiel, 2s.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; Phelo, 1s.; E. J. Crabfield, 5s.; Jock (N/c-on-Tyne), 2s.; D. H. Barcliffe, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. Evans, 10s.; "?," 15s.; C. E. Moody, 5s. 6d.; Thankful, 2s. 6d.; H. Baxter, 2s. 6d.; Nameless, 5s.; A. Barber, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. H. Larcombe, 1s.; G. Thomas, 5s.; J. Porteous, 1s.; M. C., 5s. 6d.; H. C., 1s.; M. Geber, 6d.; G. J. Parr, 6d.; J. P. Murphy, 1s.; "Kia-Ora," £1; A. T., 2s. 6d.; I. S., 1s.; "Jessie," 2s. 6d.; A. Thom, 1s.; Thea, 2s. 6d.; Hoddo, 3s.; Miss E. Kirkman, 2s. 3d.; MA, 6d.; J. Allen, 6d.; F. G. Stevens, 2s. 6d.; J. N. S., 6d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; B. Mange, 4s. 6d.; "J.H.44," 1s.; "6392," 6d.; Thea, 7s.; Kloo Kie Hock, 13s 6d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Mrs. W. Page, parcel.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Crossword Corner — *500 Prizes!*

Don't Miss This Chance!

FIVE HUNDRED prizes will be awarded to the senders of the first five hundred correct solutions opened by the Editor. Entries must be received by June 17. To ensure absolute fairness no solutions will be opened until after the closing date.

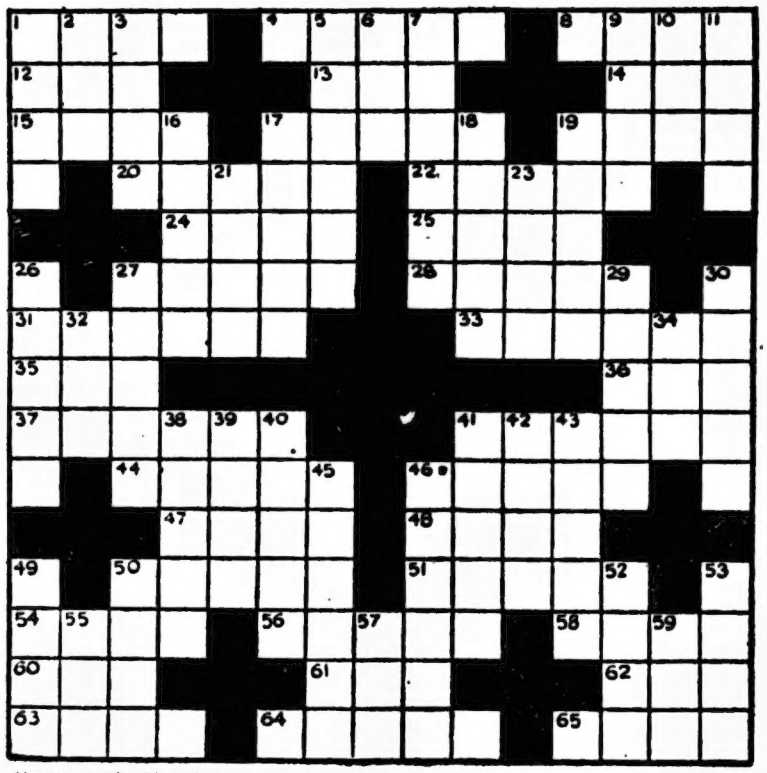
CLUES:

ACROSS.

1. Shaky part of St. Paul's.
4. Stupid.
8. To boil slowly.
12. To be (plural).
13. By way of.
14. Rage.
15. A thick material.
17. Boundaries.
19. Much talk.
20. Complete sum.
22. A small fish.
24. To depress.
25. An expression of sorrow.
27. Smooth to the touch.
28. Money hoarder.
31. Impedes.
33. A songster.
35. To be ill.
36. Part of the earth's surface.
37. Annoys.
41. Occupying space.
44. Transactions.
46. Enchantress.
47. Surface.
48. No other.
50. Land surrounded by water.
51. Overgrown with moss.
54. Payment for conveyance.
56. A performer on the bagpipes.
58. Weight of packing.
60. Past.
61. To move quickly.
62. A noise.
63. To tear forcibly.
64. Hollows.
65. Paradise.

DOWN.

1. Silly.
2. Contains metals.
3. Liquefy.
5. Formed elliptically.
6. A greasy liquid.
7. A healing medicine.
9. To incline.
10. Period.
11. For catching flies.
16. Matter discussed
17. Strolls.
18. Divided.
19. Less noble.
21. To converse.
23. Hasty.
26. To degrade.
27. Not hollow.
29. Corroded.
30. Attractiveness.
32. Rim.
34. Bishop's seat.
38. To torment.
39. A title of nobility.
40. Necessary to life.
41. An estate.
42. Afflicts.
43. A lover's appointment.
45. Sarcastic ridicule.
46. To encourage.
49. Distant.
50. Metal.
52. Measure.
53. Stitched.
55. Mature years.
57. Play on words.
59. Fish spawn.



Cross-words No. 20. Closing Date June 17.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Another Fine Cross-word Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday.

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners,

(Continued from page 35.)

Palowkar, 9, Charlotte Sq., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mrs. J. Paradice, Moulton Villa, Dedworth Rd., Clewer, Windsor; A. M. Pearson, 22, Taswell Rd., Southsea; G. Perkington, 10, Renishaw Rd., Marsden Moor, Norbrigg, Nr. Chesterfield; A. Pont, White Cott., Swalecliffe, Nr. Whitstable; E. G. Pugh, 313, Green Lane, Seven Kings; Mrs. G. Raby, 28, Clarence Rd., Windsor; A. E. Rankin, 87, Colebrooke Rd., Liverpool; W. Rhys, Comberton, Cambs; A. Richards, 28, Warwick Rd., Newport, Mon.; H. Roberts, c/o. 43, Church St., Failsworth, M/c.; S. Robertson, Brooklyn, Blairgowrie, Perths; J. Robinson, 19, Bedford Rd., Harrow; L. Rodway, 100, Mary St., Balsall Heath, B'ham.; Mrs. Ross, 20, Urquhart Rd., Aberdeen; A. Schembri, 9, Colvill Pl., Charlotte St., London, W.; Mrs. W. J. Shephard, 39, Great St. Andrew St., London, W.C.; Mrs. L. M. Sibley, 22, Crogsland Rd., Chalk Farm, London, N.W.; Mrs. I. Sinclair, 1201, Govan Rd., Glasgow; R. Sinclair, 109, Paisley Rd., West Glasgow; G. A. Smith, 43, Duke St., Chelmsford; J. R. Smith, 15, Scioncroft Av., Rutherglen; F. C. Stevens, 2, Newcombe Terr., Heavitree, Exeter; R. Stevens, 2, Carlisle Rd., Portsmouth; G. Stokes, 41, Hamilton Rd., Brentford, Middx.; J. W. Taylor, Clarence Villa, Reculvers Rd., Westgate-on-Sea; M. E. Thomas, "Garth," Park Rd., Bargoed; T. Tynan, 8, Booterstown Av., Co. Dublin; J. A. Venn, Marlborough House, Saltash, Cornwall; Mrs. F. Ward, 173, Mansfield Rd., Daybrook, Notts; R. Ward, 75, Hawksley Av., Hillsboro', Sheffield; F. Webb, 65, Victoria St., Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent; Mrs. Willavise, 3, Usk Side, Cwrleon, Mon.; Mrs. V. Wilson, Little Stukeley, Huntingdon; J. Witts, 29, Hopkins St., Weston-super-Mare; Mrs. C. E. Wood, 88, Albion Rd., Gt. Yarmouth; J. Woodville, "Tekoa," Tankerton Rd., Tankerton.

List of 200 Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 563 is published in this week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 566.

THE OLD FIRM
IF WORK WAS ABOLISHED
PUZZLES WIFE
AFTER A KISS
BEFORE LONG
COMFORTING
HOW TO GET ON
REAL SPORT
FOR A CHANGE
HORSE SENSE
PLEASURE OR DUTY
NARROW ESCAPE
CRITICAL
WHEN HE CALLS
AFTER SUCCESS
WHAT THE COWARD SAID
JOB FOR MOTHER
TOGETHER
IF BOSS IS ABOUT
WHAT IS SUMMER?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on page 35, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JUNE 25th.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **566** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **566,** JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. **565.**

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

BALES RIB BURNT
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O STOAT TEENS A
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TWO CAREFUL SEA
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The solution of Cross-words No. 18, which was published in our issue of May 30. The prizes have been despatched and a list of prize-winners can be seen at this office.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 563.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. R. PALMER, 27, Blake Street, Ilkeston.

Example :—BRITISH GOODS
Bullet :—LET'S ALL "CARRY SAMPLES."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Miss E. SEDGBEER, 44, Court Road, Cardiff.
Example :—AT THE LAUNDRY
Bullet :—THEY "TAX" ALL FABRICS.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. M. PURNELL, 8, Hurst Road, Hinckley, Leics.
Example :—FIRST VISIT
Bullet :—EXHAUSTS VISITOR—NOT WEMBLEY.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. F. R. ROWE, 37, Fife Road, Canning Town, E.
Example :—IN THIS WORLD
Bullet :—"DISMISS" TROUBLES—DON'T "PARADE."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. P. P. WATSON, 13, Tunstall Vale, Sunderland.
Example :—SELDOM OBEYED
Bullet :—CONSCIENCE, OR CHANCELLOR OVERWHELMED.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs. A. M. AEDY, 34, Penberth Road, Catford, S.E.
HAPPY HOURS—"CUSHIONS" EASING LIFE'S "JOLTS."
Miss S. BUTTERWORTH, High Street, Uppermill, Oldham.
EYE TO BUSINESS—TAXATION PUTS TEARS IN
W. E. DALGLEISH, Taybridge Road, Aberfeldy.
PROFITABLE—MAKING LOSS—AND CUSTOMERS.
Miss A. JONES, 3, Fields Park Avenue, Newport, Mon.
LAZY CHAP—FATHER TIME—TO YOUNGSTER.
Miss C. KELLY, 29, Carmel Villas, Donnybrook, Dublin.
WHAT THE VILLAIN SAID—"HUSH!"—BEFORE ANYBODY SPOKE.
Mr. W. J. LYTTLE, 12, Francis Street, Portadown, Ireland.
WHAT THE SCOTCHMAN ASKED—"EXPANDING ENGAGEMENT RING, PLEASE."
Miss L. MOSS, 71, Park Road, Preston, Lancs.
MORE THAN LIKELY—UNSATISFIED CUSTOMER TALKING MOST.
W. PRYTHERCH, 139, Benjamin Road, Wrexham, N. Wales.
BRITISH GOODS—"SEE WEMBLEY AND *Buy*."
R. THOMPSON, 5, Cumberland Road, Manor Park, E.
AT THE LAUNDRY—CLEANLINESS—AT UNGODLY PRICES.
H. WALSH, 5, King Street, Pontefract, Yorks.
ARTIFICIAL—SHORTAGE—REALITY FOR WORKER.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Miss M. BRYCE, 10, Church Road, Harrington, Cumberland
EYE TO BUSINESS—CHEMIST STOCKING REVOLVERS TOO.
A. CARNEGIE, 5, Jubilee Street, Newark, Notts.
ENJOYING HERSELF—MENTALLY EMPTYING SHOP WINDOW.
G. O. CROSS, Harringworth, Kettering.
PASSING BY—STAGE ARMY, *Attic* WINDOW.
H. DAVIES, 69, Crossley Road, St. Helens, Lancs.
ARTIFICIAL—LIMBS—REMAINDER "REAL MAN."
H. GUY, Amberstone, Hailsham, Sussex.
MAKES ME SIT UP—OTHERWISE MORNING TEA'S DELIGHTFUL.
E. SIMMS, 76, Teviot Street, Bromley-by-Bow.
FIRM FAVOURITE—REMEMBER *Books's* CALLED 'FIRM."
A. R. SYKES, 28, Rock Terrace, Brockholes, Huddersfield.
FINDING HER—CRYING—SHE'D HEARD FOOTSTEPS.
E. THOMAS, 11, Edward Street, Porth, Rhondda.
AT ANY PRICE—BECOMING RICH—POOR INDEED.
R. T. THORNE, 106, St. George's Avenue, Sheerness.
MAKES ME SIT UP—WIFE—Boss, BEND FORWARD.
R. TYCE, 68, St. Clement's Hill, Norwich.
GOLDEN GOOSE—MAKES POSSESSOR COVET PLATINUM.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

J. Addey, 96, Horton Rd., Rusholme, M/c.; Mrs. A. Andrew, 680, Hollins Rd., Hollinwood, Oldham; A. T. Austin, Benmore Rectory, Church Hill, Enniskillen; P. C. Bell, 28, Low Waters, Hamilton, N.B.; N. Benbow, 85, Sandford Grove Rd., Sheffield; Staff Sgt. W. Billing, 60, Messines Lines, Bulford Camp, Wilts; S. Birks, 11, Keary St., Stoke-on-Trent; E. Birt, Yorkley, Nr. Lydney, Glos.; R. Boyle, 82, Dee St., Belfast; G. W. Brentnall, 9, Council Houses, Alfreton, Derbys.; Mrs. Cameron, 13, Second Av., Clayton, Estate, M/c.; T. W. Carruthers, 20, Lloyd Rd., Walthamstow, E.; L. Chantler, 89, Nutley Lane, Reigate; V. G. Chaplin, Little Bull Close, Cowgate, Norwich; W. H. Cole, 19, Awlfield Av., Tottenham, N.; J. Cook, 10, Oxford Av., Mutley, Plymouth; J. Cook, 14, Revelon Rd., London, S.E.; J. Coulthard, High Lane, Flimby, Cumb.; C. H. Davies, 24, Victoria St., Dowlais, Glam.; J. T. Davies, 66, Wilmer Rd., Birkenhead; Mrs. E. Dawe, 16, Mysore Rd., Lavender Hill, S.W.; H. Dawes, Sutherland Institute, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent; C. Dunn, 9, Markham Cres., York; I. Edgar, 44, Hyde Terr., Gosforth, Newcastle; Mrs. Elford, 6, South St., Lymington, Hants.; J. Evason, 40, Greycote, Shortstown, Cardington, Nr. Bedford; F. J. Firby, Carlton House, West Burton, Aysgarth, Yks.; Miss S. H. Firth, 32, Arden Rd., Halifax; D. Forrest, Capehall, Kirkmuirhill, N.B.; F. S. Fowler, Henfield Rd., Cowfield, Sussex; Miss E. Geoffrey, c/o Cook East Howe, Kinson, Bournemouth; J. T. Gerrard, 95, Fagley Rd., Fagley, Bradford; P. H. Goodchild, 21, Mornington Cres., London, N.W.; I. J. Harry, 17, Greenfield Terr., Newbridge, Mon.; J. Haslam, 46, Elmsmere Rd., Didsbury, Nr. M/c.; E. T. Hawkins, Pettaugh Lane, Gosbeck, Ipswich; Miss J. Heatley, 40, Stratford Grove West, Heaton, Newcastle; T. Hilton, 4, Norfolk St., Lincoln; H. Hinsley, Ellerslie, Beaconsfield Rd., Coventry; E. W. Holder, 9, Quilter Rd., Felixstowe; Mrs. Houghton, 627, High Rd., Tottenham, N.; R. L. Houston, "Lilybank," Cardenden, Fife; W. H. Jackson, Windsor Cott., Alsager, Stoke-on-Trent; J. Jefferies, 20, Blatchington Rd., Seaford; A. H. Jones, 36, Grawen St., Porth, Glam.; A. V. Jones, Vine Cott., Dudley Rd., Ventnor, I.O.W.; D. Kelly, 6, Gateside St., Hamilton, N.B.; Miss F. Lat, 256, Cowley Mans., Mortlake, S.W.; A. L. Lewis, 171, Kingsland Rd., Shoreditch, E.; Major A. Livingstone-Oke, Ocean View, Pentire, Newquay; C. Lowndes, 4, St. Thomas' Pathway, Queen St., Chester; B. May, 111, Green Lanes, Palmers Green, N.; Miss E. McGinley, Glenalla Ray, Letterkenny, Co. Donegal; J. McGinley, Sunnyside, Monaghan; T. B. Mills, 300, Entwistle Rd., Rochdale, Lancs; W. F. Mills, 2, Normandy St., Custom House, London, E.; A. Neal, 41, Belvedere Rd., Bexley Heath; A. J. Nelson, 51, Roberts Rd., Walthamstow, E.; J. Nicholas, 29, Llanfair Terr., Llandovery, Carm.; J. W. Nicholson, 2, Rd End, Dearham, Maryport; F. A. Oakley, 45, Morris St., Newport, Mon.; R. Oakley, 56, Adshead Rd., West Derby, Liverpool; H. O'Donnell, 8, Gilbert Grove, Ilfracombe; C. C.

(*Continued on page 34*)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 565.

BEYOND OUR STRENGTH
FIRST BLOW
NEEDED AT HOME
BETWEEN NATIONS
IN A BAD WAY
ALWAYS RIGHT
IF IT'S A BOY
SOON CURED
BEST OF FRIENDS
MODESTLY
AT HER BEST
ON TOP
WHEN I'M OUT
QUEER FISH
NOT A SUCCESS
AFTER PAYING
IN SMALL DOSES
WITHOUT TROUBLE
BEST TIME
ONLY ONE
OPENING HER EYES
A BUTTERFLY
WHAT THE PHOTOGRAPHER SAID
HAPPY RETURNS
ARMCHAIR CRITIC
WHAT HE DIDN'T HEAR
MODERN EDUCATION
A NECESSITY
DAME FASHION
BACHELOR GIRL
FATAL
WHAT IS WEMBLEY?

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three,** or **Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you :—

Example :—IN COURT — *Bullet* :—SOCIETY "SINKS A LOT."
Example :—UP HIS SLEEVE — *Bullet* :—AMATEUR CONJUROR FORGOT WHICH.
Example :—BY INSTALMENTS — *Bullet* :—BETTER PUTTING INSTALMENTS BY.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 565, John Bull, Long Acre, London W.C.2.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 18.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(565) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 18.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(565) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 18.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(565) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 18.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(565) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 565 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 562 can now be seen in the window of Mr. A. WEBSTER, North High Street, Musselburgh, Edinburgh.

Startling BULLETS OFFER Coming!

Use these wonderful Cleansers—and get these FREE Gifts

These three super cleansers are household necessities, and no home should be without them. They each represent the finest of their class, yet apart from their exceptional merits each bears a FREE GIFT Coupon. You have only to save the Coupons from "NEW-PIN" SOAP, "WISK" and "BRITOLIC" SOAP to obtain beautiful FREE GIFTS, which include Ladies' Costumes, Underwear, Handbags, Umbrellas, Boys' Suits, Jewellery and many charming and useful additions to the home. Such as Cutlery and Plate, etc.

Only a few Coupons from "NEW-PIN" SOAP, "WISK" or "BRITOLIC" SOAP are required. Start saving them now! Some from each will do—they all count the same value for FREE GIFTS. None of the FREE GIFTS bear any advertising matter whatsoever. They are exactly as sold at the best West End Shops Stores and Jewellers, etc.

THE BRITISH SOAP CO. LTD., Allied with THE BRITISH OIL AND CAKE MILLS, LTD.

"NEW-PIN" SOAP The highest grade soap — unrivalled for laundry and all household purposes.

"WISK" The Wonderful Cleanser and Polisher. Works wonders in the Home. "Wisk" dirt away

"BRITOLIC" SOAP The finest Health Soap. It disinfects while it cleans. Don't be without it

They all bear NEW-PIN FREE GIFT COUPONS

FREE

FREE

ATTRACTIVE KNITTED COSTUMES

Latest Marl patterns, smart designs and latest fashions, stock size, in the following tricolours:—
Brown, White and Fawn.
Black, White and Steel.
Fawn, Beaver and Pot Blue.
Fawn, White and Nigger.
For 160 Coupons. Post Free.

DOLL. Fully dressed Doll, including Shoes and Stockings. Every time she wants anything she says "Mama." All you have to do is just to bend her over to hear her speak. Almost unbreakable. Packed complete in a box for 36 Coupons. Post free.

SILK JUMPER. Ladies' stock size Art. "Poco" Silk patterned Stockinette Jumper. French design, for indoor or outdoor wear, in the following colours:—Gold, Grey, White, Black, Putty, Almond Green, Saxe Blue, with silk girdle. Fancy edging to Jumper. Same as sold in the best West End shops of London. For 72 Coupons. Post free.

Ladies' and Gent's **FULL OVERS** in Marl patterns. Can be worn all the year round, for indoors and outdoors, assorted designs. For 75 Coupons. Post free.

SILK PRINCESS PETTICOAT. Ladies' stock size Art. "Poco" Stockinette Princess Petticoat, in White, Helio, Pink, Peach, Sky, Champagne. Beautifully made and designed French models. For 72 Coupons. Post free. Also in JAP SILK. White only. For 72 Coupons. Post free. As sold in first-class London shops.

TABLE CLOTH. A very serviceable Damask Tablecloth, diced and floral designs. Large size. Essential to every household. For 60 Coupons. Post free.

LEATHER CASE containing 2 Pencils, Rubber and Self-filling Fountain Pen. An ideal gift for young or old. For 20 Coupons. Post free.

SILK POCHETTE BAG. A beautiful Moire Silk Pochette Bag, with inside Pocket covered "Ormula" frame. Strongly lined. Bevelled Mirror inset in flap. Very attractive. The latest Paris style. For 55 Coupons. Post free.

This most useful and serviceable Sheffield Steel **BREAD KNIFE**, with Ivorine handle. For 25 Coupons. Post free.

A pair of heavily plated **NUT CRACKERS**, very useful for every home. For 18 Coupons. Post free.

Handsome **FUR NECKLET.** Very useful and fashionable. A most wonderful gift. For 100 Coupons. Post free.

SERVIETTES. 6 Damask Serviettes, diced and floral designs. Essential to every household. For 60 Coupons. Post free.

THE NANETTE HAIR CURLER. Patent Silver-Plated Pocket Hair Curler, which can be carried in any handbag or pocket. Very useful for travelling, office, and home, and after sea bathing. Will put almost a permanent wave in your hair. The ideal curler for bobbed or shingled hair. No lady should be without one. Packed in a Satin Lined Leatherette Box with Patent Snap. For 40 Coupons Post free.

BEAUTIFUL SILK BAG Handsomely fitted. Dainty and ideal for day and evening use. For 60 Coupons. Post free.

SHOPPING BAG in Suede leather, very strong and useful. An ideal thing for any lady to go shopping with. For 50 Coupons. Post free.

DAINTY LEATHER POCHETTE BAG. A very handsome and useful Bag in real leather with centre and back pockets, mirror and purse. For 60 Coupons. Post free.

SUEDE LEATHER HANDBAG. Very strong and useful for everyday use. In Grey or Brown. For 36 Coupons. Post free

6 Gent's White **HANDKERCHIEFS**, with hemstitched border, packed in a box. Always useful. For 36 Coupons. Post free.

This delightful Silver Plated **E.P.N.S. SALT CELLAR & SPOON**, with Blue hygienic lining. For 8 Coupons. Post free.

Charming **LACE CURTAINS.** 1 pair of excellent design, measuring about 2½ yds. long by 1 yard wide. For 50 Coupons. Post free

CHARMING BEDSPREAD. Cotton Twill, with coloured design. Suitable for both single and medium-sized double beds. For 100 Coupons. Post free.

LADIES' GLOVES. Pariman gauntlet style, latest fashion, in the following shades: Grey, Pastelle, Beaver, Black. Sizes 6½, 7, 7½. Post free.
White, Chamois. For 56 Coupons.

SHEETS. Large sized Red Sheets, measuring about 68 ins. by 86 ins. hemmed edges. Will wash beautifully. One sheet for 75 Coupons. Post free.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO—

Save the Coupons from "NEW-PIN" SOAP, "WISK" and "BRITOLIC" SOAP, and send them together with your name and address and details of the present you require written on a sheet of paper to:—

MISS "NEW-PIN," FREE GIFT DEPT., 47, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C. 1.

REMEMBER! You may send Coupons from "New-Pin" Soap, "Wisk" or "Britolic" Soap, or some from each. They all count the same value for FREE GIFTS! J.B.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR COMPLETE LIST OF FREE GIFTS.

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